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MAYOR MITCHEL'S APPOINTMENTS

The first opportunity to pass judgment upon a new executive comes with the appointment of his subordinates. In the choosing of his official cabinet a President, a Governor, or a Mayor sounds the keynote of his administration. John Purroy Mitchel, Mayor of New York City, has successfully passed this first test. He promised a non-partisan administration, and there is little evidence in the list of his appointees that this promise has been forgotten.

Four important vacancies he has still to fill. The heads of the Police, Water, Health, and Law Departments have not yet been chosen. Rhinelander Waldo, former head of the Police Department, made a childish eleventh-hour attempt to embarrass the incoming administration and to disorganize the work of the police by transferring many of his experienced bureau chiefs to precinct duty and then handing in his resignation to Mayor Kline. Mayor Kline, however, declined to accept Mr. Waldo's resignation and promptly dismissed him for insubordination. Mr. Waldo's action has successfully wiped out all trace of the growing belief that he had been too harshly judged in regard to his actions at the time of the Becker trial and the Rosenthal murder.

The chief feature of interest in the appointments made by Mayor Mitchel is the recognition which he has extended to the city's social workers and to the private agencies that have labored for municipal reform.

For his City Chamberlain he has chosen Mr. Henry Bruère, who, as a director of the Bureau of Municipal Research, has been for several years in close touch with city affairs. Mr. Bruère is responsible for developing the city management plan of government that has been adopted by Dayton, Ohio.

As President of the Civil Service Commission the Mayor has chosen Dr. Henry Moskowitz, head of a settlement house and an active student of social and economic reform. He has made Mr. John A. Kingsbury, former secretary and general agent for the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, his Commissioner of Charities.

MISS DAVIS COMMISSIONER OF CORRECTION

The appointment which has attracted more attention and approbation perhaps than any other is Mayor Mitchel's selection of Miss Katharine B. Davis as Commissioner of Correction. Miss Davis is the first woman to head a department of the New York City government. She has not been appointed either because of or despite the fact that she is a woman, but for the reason that she seemed the best "man" for the job. Miss Davis has been for several years head and guiding spirit of the Bedford Reformatory for Women; an institution for wayward girls known all over the sociological world for its success and efficiency. Because of her broad grasp of the science of penology, Miss Davis was chosen to preside over a section of the International Prison Congress held last year in Washington. A glimpse of the breadth of her knowledge can be obtained from the fact that her section was the only one which did not find it necessary to employ an interpreter, since its presiding officer was able to interpret papers written in nearly all the languages of Europe. Miss Davis now becomes head of all the prisons in New York City. She will have the power, subject to civil service rules, to appoint all wardens and the power to prefer charges against any who may disobey her orders. The success of her administration will depend in large measure on her power to secure efficient co-operation from all her subordinates.

Mr. Mitchel's appointments of Mr. Adamson, secretary to the late Mayor Gaynor and manager of his own election campaign, to the position of Fire Commissioner; and of John A.

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Fetherstone, an engineer who has been in the employ of the city since 1898, and who has been twice sent abroad to study methods of sewage disposal, to succeed Commissioner Edwards, of the Street Cleaning Department, are likewise worthy of note.

Mr. Mitchel's reappointment of Mr. R. A. C. Smith to the Commissionership of Docks and Ferries is the only important selection with which The Outlook does not find itself in sympathy. Our doubt is due to the fact that we have not yet been convinced that the policy to which Mr. Smith is committed for the "improvement" of Riverside Drive and the development of the western water-front of New York is by any means the most advantageous that can be made.

THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

The annual crop report of the Department of Agriculture is always a subject of National interest and concern. The report just issued estimates the total value of all crops grown during the past year as six billion one hundred million dollars. To this the Department adds the farm value of animals sold and slaughtered and of animal products, making a total gross valuation of nearly ten billion dollars. This exceeds the value of the crops produced in the year 1912 by five hundred million.

In monetary value produced the farms of the United States have this year set a new record, although the actual production was materially below the average. The most interesting part of the report, however, is contained in the statement of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, Mr. Leon Estabrook, in regard to the relation of production to prices. His report gives recognition to the fact that increased production is by no means synonymous with greater income for the farmer or with decreased prices to the consumer. The "two blades of grass" panacea receives a hard blow.

"However desirable," he says, "increased production on farms may appear to be from the consumers' standpoint, it does not follow that such increased production would result in any increase in the cash income per farm or per capita of farm population, or that prices paid by consumers would be any lower.

"Had the total production in 1913 equaled or exceeded the 1912 production, it seems probable that the cash income per farm would not have been greater, and might have been less, than in 1912; but it is extremely doubtful whether the cost to the consumer would have been any less because retail prices are promptly raised on a prospect of underproduction, but are very slow to decline if there is overproduction.

"The long line of distributers and middlemen between the farmer and consumer are in a position to take advantage of the market and to a certain extent control the market in both directions, because they are better organized to keep informed of crop and market conditions and to act promptly than either farmers or consumers, who are not organized and as individuals are helpless.

"The high prices paid by consumers, ranging from 5 to nearly 500 per cent in some cases more than the farmer receives, indicate that there is plenty of room for lowering the cost of farm products to consumers and at the same time largely increase the cash income per farm without increasing farm production.

"This condition is undoubtedly a marketing problem, which will have to be solved by better organization of farmers and improved methods of marketing.

"When, as the result of such organization and improved methods, the price of farm products can be maintained at a higher level without increasing the cost to consumers, farmers will be justified in increasing the output of their farms with a fair prospect of realizing a reasonable profit on their investment of time, labor, and money, which in the aggregate is enormous."

With some noteworthy exceptions, the metropolitan press, which delights to dilate upon the prosperity and luxurious existence of all farmers, and which apparently possesses a knowledge of rural affairs gained exclusively from the observation of Arcadian operas, has not taken kindly to this pronouncement of the Department of Agriculture. Some day our city dwellers will realize how much they are made to suffer from the economic disadvantages under which our agricultural population is made to labor.

Our farmers form the last class of our citizens to take its place in the organized world of modern industry. It will be to the advantage of all when they have finally achieved the position and recognition which they have so long deserved.

TO SAFEGUARD RADIUM

Secretary Lane, of the Interior Department, urges upon Congress the need of immediate legislation to empower the President to reserve to the Government all rights in radium-bearing ores found on the public land. This right of reservation or withdrawal, it seems, does not now exist under the law.

Incidentally, Secretary Lane gives an interesting account of the situation as regards

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radium and shows why there is an emergency. There are less than two grams (about one-fourteenth of an ounce) in the United States. Even this small amount is said to be worth $240,000. All of it came from Europe, yet three-fourths of the radium produced the world over in 1912 came from American ores. American surgeons and scientists are now absolutely dependent upon foreign chemists for radium, and find it almost impossible to get any. The process heretofore used has been secret, but now American chemists in the Bureau of Mines have invented a new process, and under the proposed withdrawal ores on Government land having carnotite or pitchblende could be treated by the Bureau's agents and the radium resulting turned over to the United States Hospital for public use. There would still remain under private ownership ores which could be sold to supply Europe. The Bureau of Mines would work in co-operation with the new National Radium Institute formed by Dr. Howard Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins University, and others, which has leased carnotite mines in Colorado for the express purpose of getting radium for medical use.

Secretary Lane is of the opinion that the successful use of radium for certain classes of disease, and the concentration of scientific thought and effort upon the future possibilities of radium, make it eminently desirable to strain every effort to keep the ores we have in this country so far as is right and just.

It is well, in this connection, to warn the lay reader not to overrate the reports as to radium in the treatment of cancer. No moderately conservative medical authority believes that radium is a cure for cancer; it has, however, been used for external, superficial cancer with good effect, either instead of the knife or electricity or in conjunction with them, and such noted surgeons as Dr. Jacobi, Dr. Abbe, and Dr. Kelly believe that as a substitute for operation or an aid to operation it has a most valuable field of application.

RECENT IMMIGRATION

Some students of American immigration have felt that, owing to the growing strength of conserving industrial forces, the total of 1,334,166 for the calendar year of 1907 and of 1,285,349 for the fiscal year of 1906–7 were records which would not be broken. The figures for steamship travel, however, show that the official figures will probably reveal a new record for the calendar year of 1913, despite the fact that laws affecting economic conditions in this country in a marked way have been in process of adoption throughout the last nine months. The immigration since July 1 has been particularly notable. For the four months for which data have been made public by the Bureau of Immigration the inward movement was at the rate of approximately 1,631,000 for the fiscal year. The rate was maintained up to the middle of December, when the passenger figures indicated that the crest of the wave had passed and the tide was ebbing. That the flow should continue at such a rate in the face of the slackened industrial activity was one of the interesting phases of the year's movement. As perhaps was to be expected, the chief increases were among the Slavs, the peasants from southern Italy, and the Hebrews. The Slavs were entering in the first four months of this fiscal year at the rate of 620,000 a year, as compared with an actual admission last year of 373,992. As for the Italians, they promised to be an army of more than half a million—231,613 came in 1912—more than doubling the record of 242,497 made in the fiscal year of 1907. Of course, with a slowing down of the current and a stimulation of the outward flow, which will probably follow the reduction in industrial activity, these figures are not likely to be reached. In examining the causes of this phenomenal inward movement the discouraging economic conditions reported in certain European countries must be taken into account. This may have a bearing upon the fact that the outward movement late in December was not above the average, despite conditions here. This is an element governing the volume of the stream which has not been reckoned with so generally in estimating causes as have our own industrial requirements. It has been asserted also that the possibility of the setting up of a literacy test in the near future has been a stimulating influence. This remains to be proved, however.

ART AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

There are skeptics who declare that the best art makes an appeal to the educated few alone; that the masses can neither understand it nor appreciate it. Of course such a statement brings on the ancient query, "What is art?" and we must ask to be ex-

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cused from the discussion that inevitably follows. Examples are not lacking, however, to bear out the contention that the real works of art, those that may be classed as such by every usual test, do appeal to the people, when the people are given a fair chance to absorb their beauty.

About two years ago the experiment was tried of offering classic music, produced by accomplished performers, to the children of the New York City public schools and their parents in the school auditoriums. There was an immediate response to this experiment, and the concerts are now an established part of the extra-school curriculum, so to speak.

The Department of Education and the Wage-Earners' Theater Leagues, which have co-operated in providing concerts for the children at the price of a fraction over three cents for each performance, have now undertaken to introduce the classic drama to the schools. A committee, whose chairman is Dr. Edward W. Stitt, District Superintendent of Schools, has arranged for a number of performances of Shakespeare by the Ben Greet Company in high school auditoriums during the winter. If these "take" with the boys and girls as well as the concerts did, productions of the plays of Schelling, Molière, and the classic Greek dramatists will be given, and a permanent arrangement made for future seasons.

As the Board of Education offers the auditoriums rent free, the only expenses to be met are the salaries of the performers. In the case of the actors these amount to more than in the case of the musicians, however; but, in spite of this additional expense, it is hoped to establish a uniform price of ten cents, with ten performances a week.

The public school concerts have taught the children that there is something better than the cabaret and hurdy-gurdy styles of music, and in the same way it is now hoped to teach them that dramatic art does not end with burlesque shows and the typical Broadway musical comedy, so called, which finds its drawing power in plenty of noise, horseplay, and chorus girls.

If the New York educators find it possible to popularize classic drama, and we have no doubt they will, other American cities should follow suit. The average American child is a barbarian so far as his or her artistic tastes are concerned simply because no one has tried to develop them. Both the schools and the parents are to blame. Now that the schools have begun to teach children that there is other beauty in the world than that found between the covers of a Greek grammar or of a volume of Euclid, it is more than likely that through the children they will educate the parents, and thus raise the taste of the general public. At any rate, in art as in politics, social reform, and everything else, all hope lies with the younger generation.

JAMES BRYCE A VISCOUNT

The English New Year's honors are always interesting to other peoples than the English. The list given out on the first day of 1914 is no exception to the rule; indeed, it is of special interest to Americans, for heading the list is the name of one whose service to America is quite as great as if he had been an American—James Bryce. On New Year's Day King George elevated Mr. Bryce to the peerage.

We say "elevated" because that is the official term. But no one who has ever known Mr. Bryce can possibly imagine his "elevation" to any rank. No statesman of our time has been more distinguished for entire simplicity of thought, manner, style, and action than Mr. Bryce. No publicist's sympathies have ever been, we believe, more democratic. One has but to read even a few pages of "The American Commonwealth" to be convinced of this.

At the same time Americans are cosmopolitan enough to be glad that this richly earned but belated royal distinction has come to Mr. Bryce. He is Viscount Bryce now, and as such is designated by King George as "our right trusty and well-beloved cousin." But he will always be plain Mr. Bryce to Americans. And in future ages, when the name "Bryce" is mentioned, one will quite forget whether he was Mr. Bryce or Lord Bryce, just as one never thinks whether John Morley is Mr. Morley, as he used to be, or Lord Morley, as he is now.

OTHER HONORS

Among the other seventy-seven men who received titles or honors are: Sir Rufus Isaacs, the new Lord Chief Justice; Alexander Ure, the Lord Advocate for Scotland; Sir Charles Cripps, the well-known Member of Parliament; and Sir Harold Harmsworth, a brother of Lord Northcliffe, and himself a newspaper owner—the proprietor of such

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Liberal papers as the Glasgow "Record" and the Leeds "Mercury," for instance. It will be piquant to see these brothers politically opposing each other in the House of Lords!

Knighthoods are conferred upon Owen Seaman—the second of the directors of "Punch" to be knighted; upon Courtenay Walter Bennett, British Consul-General at New York City; and upon Professor Ernest Rutherford, a New Zealander, but now the director of the physical laboratories at Victoria University, Manchester. Professor Rutherford's attainments in the field of radio-activity are well known. The rarest of British honors, the Order of Merit, has been conferred on Sir Archibald Geikie, who has been President of the Royal Society since 1908, and is one of the world's leading authorities in geology and physical geography.

To Americans all these distinctions are quite overshadowed by the honor to Mr. Bryce.

FIERCE FIGHTING IN MEXICO

For all or most of last week a battle waged between the Federal forces at Ojinaga and the forces sent against them by General Villa under the command of General Ortega. These Federal troops, numbering perhaps from 3,000 to 4,000 men, accompanied the large band of refugees from Chihuahua who fled across the desert to the nearest point on the American border when Villa approached their own city. The refugees passed into Texas, but the little Federal army fortified Ojinaga, which offered natural advantages for that purpose in its hills. General Villa was too wise a general, ex-bandit though he be, to leave such a body in his rear, and instead of pressing the attack upon Torreon (which lies on the line running southwest from Chihuahua to Mexico City) he deferred the final assault upon Torreon and sent a strong detachment, perhaps 5,000 men, to the northeast toward Ojinaga.

It had been confidently predicted that the Federals would surrender or flee across the Rio Grande, which forms the border line, but they seem to have made a strong resistance, even when the "rebels" brought up many pieces of artillery. Despatches of Friday of last week say that the carnage on Thursday was frightful, and the horror was increased by the fact that neither army possesses a proper medical or nursing outfit. This has an almost mediæval sound, as has also the declaration of General Ortega that all the Federal generals captured (there are said to be seven in this small army) would be executed offhand.

Some hundreds of the Federal soldiers did, in fact, cross into Texas. They were disarmed by Major MacNamee, of the United States army, who also required the artillery attacking Ojinaga to stop firing upon American territory; Presidio, a small Texan town, is almost directly across the river from Ojinaga.

VILLA THE EX-BANDIT

There were reports toward the end of the week that Villa in person was about to take the field against the Federals at Ojinaga. Villa's ideas of warfare and government are primitive, but his power has come to be extraordinary. He has held as a hostage the son of General Terrazas, millionaire and ex-Governor, and has made him sign printed money for a quarter of a million dollars to be paid to Villa's soldiers and thus put in circulation at Chihuahua. He is conducting the business of that town in a way fully like a dictator and partly like a Socialist. Thus he has plans for a state bank under his control, and for a mint to coin money. A correspondent of the New York "Sun" says:

> The street car system, the stores, the electric light plant, the brewery, a clothing factory, and the railroad between Chihuahua and Juarez—even the gambling-houses—are all being operated by the rebel government, and all of them are yielding a profit. In some of them the prices have been cut below those charged by private individuals. In the case of the railroad, where persons are not able to pay and their necessity for travel exists, they travel without pay. . . .
>
> Villa's word is the only law that the city knows. He is feared to-day as no other man is feared in Mexico.
>
> Villa "the bandit" shoots his men for looting or stealing, but Villa "the chief" confiscates whole estates, factories, railroad systems, and operates them as nonchalantly as he used to hold up and rob an ore train in the mountains. The moneys derived from their operations he applies to the payment of his army. In this respect only his work is Socialistic, but inasmuch as he declares all able-bodied men in the State are in his army he argues that his work is truly Socialistic.

Such is Huerta's most formidable foe to-day. What the relations are between Carranza and Villa it is hard to say. The former has been very little in evidence since Villa's sweeping victories of late. So far as known,

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Villa still recognizes Carranza as the head of the Constitutionalist movement.

It would seem almost impossible to think of Villa as President of Mexico, but it is as difficult to believe, in view of Mexican history, that if his victories continue and Huerta's rule falls, he should step aside for Carranza or any one else. He is ignorant and has behind him a life stained with brigandage, loot, and "executions" which to modern military ideas are murder; but he is said to be just to those who obey him, and his successes have given him an increasing army of devoted adherents.

VISCOUNT CHINDA

The increasingly complicated American-Japanese affairs make Viscount Chinda, the present Japanese Ambassador at Washington, a peculiarly interesting person.

He is fifty-seven years old. He was born at Hirosaki, but when a young man came to America to get a broader education than was then possible in Japan. In 1881 he was graduated from De Pauw University, Indiana. Four years later he was appointed a clerk in the Japanese Foreign Office, and his rise in the foreign service shows what might be accomplished in America had we a permanent and paying service. Young Chinda was finally given charge of the telegraph section at the Japanese Foreign Office, and did so well at this important post that, together with a recognition of the advantages of his American education, he was appointed Consul at San Francisco in 1890. Four years later he was transferred to the consulate at Chemulpo. Later he was made Consul-General at Shanghai. Two years later he entered the diplomatic service as Minister to Brazil, and in another two years became Minister to The Hague. From Holland he was transferred to perhaps the most important of all Japanese diplomatic posts abroad, namely, to St. Petersburg. He had hardly been a year there when Marquis Komura—possibly the greatest Foreign Minister Japan has ever had—came to this country as the principal Japanese Ambassador at the Portsmouth Peace Conference. This made it necessary for Viscount Chinda—he had no title at that time—to return to Tokyo and enter the Foreign Office. Here his service was distinguished enough to cause the Emperor to make him a noble. He was now Baron Chinda. Later he was appointed Ambassador to Germany. Three years later he became a Viscount and was appointed Ambassador at Washington.

In appearance and manner the present Japanese Ambassador (of whom a portrait is printed on another page) somewhat recalls his predecessor, Baron Takahira—that is to say, he has the Baron's direct, businesslike manner, and his atmosphere of what an exalted personage once called "his contagious honesty." An Oriental does not always receive such praise. The experience of Americans with men like Komura, Katsura, Chinda, and Takahira may make us grasp the not always appreciated fact that in the Orient, as in the Occident, are to be found men of as pronounced probity as of pronounced ability.

THE LAST OF THE SHOGUNS

With the death of Prince K. Tokugawa the last Shogun disappears from Japan.

When Commander Perry went to that country, it was with the determination to put himself in direct communication with the Emperor; as a matter of fact, his communications were with the Shogun. For a long time the Americans supposed they were dealing with the Emperor, and when at last they learned that there were two rulers in Japan they rushed to the conclusion that the Emperor exercised spiritual power, while the Shogun exercised temporal power. The Shogun was, by a legal fiction, the executive power, but all honor and authority were derived from the Emperor, who was by tradition the supreme and absolute ruler of the Japanese Empire; and the present dynasty, which began in mythology, is now represented by the one hundred and twenty-second Emperor on the throne. No other reigning family compares in antiquity with it.

About eight hundred years ago a feudal lord, Yoritomo by name, as a result of certain military service rendered to the Emperor, assumed the title of "Generalissimo," or Shogun. He became a kind of Mayor of the Palace. He was the founder of feudalism, as well as of the dual system of sovereignty which held in Japan until the restoration of the Empire in 1868. There were many able men among the Shoguns, and they were very skillful politicians, preserving scrupulously the fiction that they derived their power from the Emperor and always representing themselves as his delegates.

This system continued more than seven hundred years, though the title of Shogun

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passed from one family to another. About two hundred years ago it came into the possession of the Tokugawa family, and they continued to furnish Shoguns until the year 1868, when Prince K. Tokugawa surrendered his power to the Emperor and went into retirement, living as a private gentleman until the morning of his death in Tokyo in November last. His son, Prince I. Tokugawa, is President of the House of Peers.

The Emperor would have regained his position sooner or later, but the voluntary surrender by the Shoguns ended a difficult complication and was an act of patriotism. The late Prince was held in great respect by men of all parties in Japan. He was a man of fine character, genial disposition, and of cultivated tastes. He was also a lover of out-of-door life and a sportsman. When he was invited to the Imperial Palace for the first time after the Restoration, he was received in a room admission to which was permitted to no one except the Imperial princes of the blood, and the expression of Imperial respect was shown by the fact that at the conclusion of the audience the Empress herself served the guest with *sake*.

THE PEST-HOLE OF THE PACIFIC

In response to The Outlook's request, the diplomatic representatives at Washington of the great Spanish-American republics of South America inform us of the absence of anti-North American sentiment in their respective countries. This statement is specially gratifying at a time when contrary rumors are current.

One fact develops, however, to confirm those rumors. In the comparatively little Republic of Ecuador, on the Pacific coast, practically the only seaport of significance is Guayaquil. The port will shortly be of double importance because the Panama Canal will bring it thousands of miles nearer foreign markets.

Guayaquil has long been known as "the pest-hole of the Pacific." For many years it has been notorious the world over as the breeding-place of yellow fever, bubonic fever, cholera, smallpox, and other deadly diseases. Its plagues have been frequent; its death rate has been high.

Swamps lie close to the town, a part of which is at a very low level. The water supply is entirely inadequate; one sees water tanks on the roofs of the houses. There is much leakage in the sewer pipes, causing pollution. Finally, the garbage of the town is thrown into the muddy streets, seeping down into the pipes. It is no wonder, then, that the surrounding swamps, the tanks on the roofs, the puddles and leakages in the streets, breed mosquitoes and other plague carriers and menace the lives of the people.

These shameful conditions have long been a reproach to Ecuador. But a backward Government has been slow in attempting any reformation. For years our Department of State has been trying to make the Ecuadorean Government realize the necessity for sanitation, not only on its own account, but also on ours. It is a vital matter to us. Army medical officers in the Canal Zone have declared that, if Guayaquil remains as at present after the Panama Canal is opened, ships from that port must either be barred from passage through the Canal or subjected to such rigorous quarantine regulations as to delay their passage for days or even weeks.

Guayaquil thus becomes a point of international moment. Nor does this condition affect America alone. The shipping of the entire world is menaced.

GUAYAQUIL TO BE CLEANED

Owing to the pressure from our State Department, a plan has now been reached to clean Guayaquil. It is interesting—and some alarmists think significant—to note the anti-American sentiment animating the proposed contracts, as the newspapers report them. One clause stipulates that the American branch of the English firm to which the contract is given must have nothing to do with the work. Another clause declares that the bulk of the work must not be done by any Americans. Neither can the necessary supplies be bought in the United States. Finally, American engineers, while not barred, must be in the minority!

Across the Ecuadorean border lies Peru, a west coast country similarly situated, but far larger and of far greater importance. To show how Peruvians regard the above contracts we have but to read the "West Coast Leader," published at Lima, the Peruvian capital. It says:

> Poor Ecuador! What inhuman sufferings she has undergone at the malicious hands of Uncle Sam, who will give his ease-loving neighbor no peace merely because that neigh-

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bor chooses to dump his fever-breeding refuse in his own front yard.

Incidentally, a Yankee built the great Guayaquil and Quito [the capital of Ecuador] railway, which is to-day the backbone of Ecuadorean commercial life. Yankees have also built the Panama Canal, which will bring Ecuadorean products thousands of miles nearer the great European and North American markets. And for these princely gifts the thanks doled out by Ecuador are such as the rabid outbursts of international ill feeling so unfortunately illustrated in the present instance.

These "rabid outbursts" may occasionally occur in such backward civilizations as those of Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela. But they are not characteristic of the greater civilizations to the south.

THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE

One way to keep prisoners in durance is to make life in jail so attractive that they won't want to escape. That is substantially the method adopted by the directors of the Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry, New York.

The Village, which is an outgrowth of the New York Juvenile Asylum, is not a prison in fact, but, inasmuch as it exists for the correction and regeneration of boys committed from the juvenile courts of New York City for all manner of offenses for which they would go to prison but for their tender age, the analogy holds good. Since the Village was established in the beautiful Echo Hills of Westchester County eight years ago its directors have saved a great deal of money on bolts, chains, walls, guards, and the usual means by which the continued presence of persons in a given locality is assured. These prison adjuncts simply don't exist in the Village. And yet, with a population of 550 healthy boys, endowed with all the restlessness of youth, the yearly average of attempts to escape isn't more than seven or eight at the most.

To understand why even the *Wanderlust* of youth calls almost in vain among the Echo Hills one has only to see the Village. As one approaches it up a road that winds among alternating patches of forest and plots of immaculate lawn one expects to come upon the handsome manor house of some baron of finance. And when one suddenly emerges upon a high plateau, rimmed by twenty-eight handsome residences of stucco and shingle, it gives one a shock to be told that these "cottages," as they are modestly called, are not the residences of suburban millionaires, but that each is a shelter for a score of exuberant boys, watched over by a "house mother" and a "house father," who give these youngsters the intimate attention that many of them missed in their "homes" in the slums of New York.

WHY THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE SUCCEEDS

The secret of the success of the Children's Village lies in the fact that the boys are given plenty to do in the direction of their natural bent.

Half the day is devoted to the regular public school course, but during the remainder the villagers work in the vocational school of the institution at whatever trade they elect, upon the understanding that they must adhere to their original choice. It is noteworthy that the energy expended in these vocational courses is directed to some very practical end. Thus, under the guidance of competent instructors, the boys construct their own houses and the furniture therein, and themselves install all accessories such as plumbing, electric wiring, etc. Juvenile tailors make all the clothing of the community, youthful shoemakers shoe the village, young farmers raise vegetables and live stock for the consumption of themselves and their companions, and all the printing for the village is done by boys in the printing school. Others construct telephone and telegraph systems, provide entertainment by their participation in the village brass band, and furnish fire protection by the maintenance of two fire companies.

The development of the individual boy is fostered by the close attention to individual needs possible when boys of the same type or grade are segregated under the care of a house father and house mother, and by the system of rewards which puts it in a boy's power to earn cash credits up to ten mills a day.

The terms for boys committed to the Village range from two to three years. Upon their discharge the boys are either returned to their homes in the city or are sent to homes found for them in rural districts of the country, usually in the Middle West. A careful "follow up system" has proved that seventy-four per cent of those who return to their old haunts become useful citizens, while the number of those sent into a new

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environment who "make good" there amounts to ninety per cent.

THE "BEST SELLERS" FOR 1913

The "Bookman," which gives the latest news about books and writers, and combines the journalistic instinct with literary knowledge and feeling, has recently published its list of the six "best sellers" for the year. This does not mean that these six stories are the most popular stories now in the hands of American readers, but that, under the system which the "Bookman" has developed, they have made the highest record. These books are "The Inside of the Cup," "V. V.'s Eyes," "The Heart of the Hills," "The Amateur Gentleman," "The Judgment House," and "Laddie." This list omits some of the ablest novels of the season. One does not find, for instance, Mrs. Watts's "Van Cleve" nor Miss Cather's "O Pioneers!" On the other hand, there is not a cheap or vulgar book on the list. Mr. Farnol's "The Amateur Gentleman" is, it is true, a manufactured story, a kind of *tour de force;* but the skill with which it is done justifies it, and the love of the old-fashioned romantic persists, and is a normal human taste.

Mr. Churchill has written much better novels than "The Inside of the Cup," but no one, whatever his objections may be to the inferences and conclusions of the novelist, doubts the sincerity or the seriousness of the story. "V. V.'s Eyes" is not great literature. Its style is far from faultless; but it is a winning story which makes kindness attractive without making it a text.

One is always out of doors and with primitive people in Mr. Fox's stories, and "The Heart of the Hills," like "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," is a refreshing tale, far from the madding crowd, from hectic fiction, and from many other disagreeable and unwholesome things. Sir Gilbert Parker has written better stories than "The Judgment House," but when an able man falls below his own best standards what he does is better worth while than the commonplaceness of the unable man. Mrs. Gene Stratton-Porter's "Laddie" is one of those stories which disarm the critic. He is glad to know that people read it.

On the whole, this group of stories is encouraging. It shows, what has often been shown before, that the cynics are wrong in declaring that the public has no taste and that a book that sells must necessarily be a book that is not worth buying. It shows, too, that the majority of people have not yet bowed the knee to the Baal of lubricity; and that the unclean story has not yet become normal in this country. If the fiction which is widely read is not the fiction of genius, it is at least the fiction of ability, skill, and the wholesome life.

BEARDING THE DEVIL IN HIS DEN

Some years ago an energetic and voluble guide was urging a party of tourists up the last steep slope that leads to the crater of Vesuvius. Ankle-deep in ashes, they struggled along until almost within a stone's throw of the brink. Then they turned and looked longingly back at the little station below. The guide launched his last argument. "Come up," he called to his timid flock. "You go to Rome to see the Pope, why not come here to see the devil?" The devil has now not only been thus distantly approached, but has twice been bearded in his den.

Last May Professor Malladra, assistant to Professor Mercalli, the scientist in charge of the Government observatory on Mount Vesuvius, descended far into the crater of this volcano. He secured many excellent photographs, one of which was published in The Outlook for November 8, 1913.

His record has now been broken by an American newspaper man, Frederick Burlingham. The latter took with him three Italian assistants. For several nights the four men slept on the summit of the volcano, awaiting a favorable moment for the descent. Their opportunity came on December 21. They took with them a camera and a heavy cinematograph machine. In a despatch to the New York "Sun" Mr. Burlingham describes the last part of his hazardous journey as follows:

> As my companions kept talking of danger, I volunteered to carry the cinematograph machine, weighing nearly thirty pounds. I also had to carry the half-plate camera. Sonnino carried the tripod, which weighed twenty pounds. While descending below the third precipice, almost immediately over the large sulphur fumerole, the wind changed and we were enveloped in dense sulphur fumes. A cloud of dangerous acid fumes came next. We had taken the precaution to tie cloths around our faces. We stood motionless there for twenty minutes, breathing as little as possible, hoping for the fumes to pass.
>
> As they continued, we decided to descend further, and eventually reached the floor of the

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crater by passing over a steep slope between the sulphurous fumerole and the main mouth of the crater which was opened in July. There was no immediate danger there, so we took a motion picture of the new crater and the precipitous surrounding walls. Then I suggested making a descent of two hundred feet through the tunnel to the mouth. Sonnino, who is an expert on Vesuvius, warned me that the lives of all would be in danger, but we finally agreed to take the risk. I continued to carry the cinema machine. We reached the edge of the opening, from which red-hot smoke was issuing in a great volume. I estimated that the temperature was six hundred degrees centigrade. We got back to the surface without any incident worth relating.

There is something which sounds not unjournalistic in the last sentence of his statement. Either the temperature which Mr. Burlingham is reported as experiencing is somewhat exaggerated or he must have the skin of a salamander. Six hundred centigrade is over eleven hundred Fahrenheit, the scale in which we commonly estimate the precise degree of our discomfort. No one has seemed to question Mr. Burlingham's statement, however, that he reached a point in the volcano 1,212 feet below the edge of the crater.

PARSIFAL

Those who heard "Parsifal" at Bayreuth a generation ago remember the shock to the feelings of all perfect Wagnerites when it was proposed to produce the drama elsewhere. Its composer, Richard Wagner, had thoroughly sympathized with this feeling. Because of its religious character, he desired that its performances should take place only at Bayreuth. The Festspielhaus—the theater built by him and exclusively devoted to the production of his works—stands on a hill near the town, and is surrounded by forests where one may walk during the hour between each act of the music-dramas. The restful and rather reverent spirit thus engendered is in harmony with the motive of the Parsifal legend—the striving of one who is simple and ignorant, and yet sympathetic and loving, to rescue men from sin, and in particular to revivify the knightly "Round Table," that religious brotherhood for the protection of the Holy Grail or Holy Sangreal, the vessel in which the last drops of our Saviour's blood as he hung on the cross were caught.

Until the late Heinrich Conried brought "Parsifal" to the Metropolitan Opera-House, New York City, the work remained exclusively the property of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. In Europe "Parsifal" was protected by copyright, which expired with 1913.

Accordingly, the first performances of "Parsifal" in Europe outside of Bayreuth took place on New Year's Day, 1914. To maintain as many traditions as possible, the Deutsches Opernhaus in Charlottenburg, Berlin, heralded each act within and without the theater by trumpets, which, as at Bayreuth, played the leading motives of the act to follow.

It is interesting to note the enthusiasm shown for Wagner in Latin-American countries as well as in Germany. On New Year's Day "Parsifal" received a great ovation at Paris, as also at Rome, Milan, and Bologna in Italy, and at Madrid and Barcelona in Spain.

THE MORGAN FIRM AND INTERLOCKING DIRECTORATES

When Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the head of the firm of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., announced last week that he and his partners were resigning from the Boards of Directors of some of the leading railway, industrial, and financial corporations of the country, the announcement was treated as a "headliner" by the newspapers. And it was rightly so treated. For the firm of Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. is certainly the most distinguished and probably the most influential banking house in the United States. When it announces a new and radical policy in the conduct of its business, the event is one of the first importance.

This new and radical policy is the abandonment of the "interlocking directorate." Mr. Morgan says that his firm is relinquishing this method of doing business, so potent in American finance and industry during the last decade, in deference to public sentiment. It is also undoubtedly true, although Mr. Morgan's statement does not say so, that the sentiment of the members of the firm themselves has undergone a change. In a recent interview in Washington, President Wilson, referring to an epigram of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, spoke as follows:

> It has been said that you cannot "unscramble eggs," and I am perfectly willing to admit it; but I can see to it that in all cases before they are scrambled they are not put in the same basket and intrusted to the same group of persons.

The President went on to explain that what he objects to is not the existence of great individual combinations, but a *combination of the combinations*. "The real danger," he

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said, "is that the same groups of men control chains of banks, systems of railways, whole series of manufacturing enterprises, great mining projects, great enterprises for the development of the natural water power of the country, all threaded together in the personnel of a series of boards of directors in a community of interest more formidable than any conceivable combination incorporated under the laws."

This, we think, expresses the public sentiment of the day about interlocking directorates. The interlocking directorate does not permit of Government supervision. The regularly organized incorporated company does. No man can serve two masters to-day any better than he could nineteen hundred years ago, and no man can be either an efficient or sincere director of two corporations in which there is not a natural community of interests. It is this principle, now so rapidly being crystallized in public sentiment, that Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. recognize and adopt.

We think they show a sound judgment and a large view of the future in the course of action which they have taken. This action is one of the most dramatic and significant events in the bloodless revolution which is going on in the social and political structure of this country—a revolution which will establish the principle of Government supervision in the field of business. We are glad to say that The Outlook has contended for this principle, sometimes against bitter criticism, for more than ten years.

DEMOCRACY IN CHINA

The latest acts of Yuan Shi-kai, the Chinese President, make him seem a despot. He was chosen, first, provisionally by the National Assembly at Nanking, the ancient capital, a choice afterwards confirmed by the Parliament at Peking, the present capital. A provisional Constitution was drafted. It proved to be impracticable. A draft Constitution, prepared by a committee of five and revised by a committee of sixty, elected by the two houses of Parliament, also proves to be unsuitable, for it would leave all power in the hands of Parliament.

Never did a Parliament have such a chance at nation-making; perhaps never did a Parliament so wantonly throw away the chance. The Chinese are not to be blamed, however, as one might blame a people experienced in popular self-government. Having had as ruler an Emperor with all power, the Chinese Parliamentarians went to the other extreme and provided for a President with no power.

They brought forth a Constitution to perpetuate themselves and to reduce their President's powers to a minimum. The proposed Constitution would have taken from him almost all power of dissolving Parliament, thereby depriving him of his most effective weapon of defense against a legislature either not really representative of the people or unreasonably hostile.

Of course a practical politician like Yuan resented this. He requested permission to put his case before the committee which had evolved the half-baked Constitution. The committee repeatedly refused either to receive the President or his delegates, or to listen to his views. One might suppose that the views of one who had had two years' experience in managing the Republic would have been valuable.

Goaded by this, Yuan swept the Opposition out of existence. He issued a mandate denouncing the Kuomingtang (the Nationalist) party, which had between three and four hundred members in Parliament. As The Outlook has already reported, his ostensible reason was their complicity in the recent rebellion. The Government had, it claims, ample proof of this. By a stroke of his pen Yuan then decreed the dissolution of the party and the expulsion of its members from Parliament—about half the total membership. Thus, declared Yuan, would he remove treasonable men from positions of public trust. Doubtless many members of this party had engaged in treasonable correspondence with the rebels; others, doubtless, were innocent and may have actually discountenanced armed rebellion. Nevertheless, in Yuan's opinion, the Kuomingtang was a seditious organization. If so, membership in it must be regarded as seditious activity. If any one did not wish to be so classed, he must withdraw from it.

This, however, was only one of Yuan's reasons, and undoubtedly the lesser one. What actuated him primarily was to remove opposition to a Constitution which should give him what he considered an executive's proper and necessary power for the conduct of an administration.

The result of unseating so many members of Parliament made a quorum of either

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house impossible. The expulsion of the members also invalidated the draft of the Constitution proposed by the Parliament. This was just what Yuan wanted.

The Chinese Parliament is now suspended. The resolution to this effect was passed by those members of both houses who remained after Yuan's decree dissolving the Kuomingtang and depriving its members of their seats in Parliament. Until the "reserve members" report, a conference somewhat like that of the Japanese Elder Statesmen will act. The conference is to be composed of eight representatives of President Yuan, two representatives of the Cabinet, one representative from each of the nine Ministries, four from Mongolia, four from Tibet, and two from each province, the total being seventy-one.

These men are to have no executive power; they are endowed only with consultative and deliberative functions. They are thus not an administrative committee, as the despatches report, but a privy council. By the time a Constitution has been redrafted there will presumably be enough members of Parliament present in Peking for the enactment of legislation.

At first blush Yuan's acts seem mere usurpation and tyranny. They seem entirely destructive of free institutions. Yet, in our opinion, the acts, even if they have transgressed the provisional law, do not necessarily mean a preparation for a dictatorship.

The trouble with the Parliamentary framers of the Constitution has been that they have been unwilling to trust the President. Now, the President may be no better than he should be. But he has proved himself the one force making for stability in China, and as such is worthy of confidence. At all events, political relations in China, as everywhere else, can be conducted only on a basis of mutual confidence. The Chinese Parliamentarians are now paying for their mistrust.

Meanwhile, despite his seeming tendency to despotism, Yuan continues more than ever to command the confidence of most foreigners and many natives as "the strong man of China." They regard it as necessary for the consolidation of government that he should have his way, even though they are suspicious as to his means of obtaining it.

There must be a strong government in China. That is the first necessity. But, if fairness obtains in its evolution, it will be a democratic and not a despotic government.

A RECOGNITION OF PUBLIC SERVICE

There are courts and courts, and there are judges and judges. Among those interpreters of the law who deserve recognition for integrity, ability, and enormous industry, Judge George L. Ingraham, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the County of New York, is conspicuous. The members of his class in the Law School of Columbia University recently presented to the Appellate Division a portrait of Judge Ingraham, which The Outlook reproduces in this week's issue. The class includes a number of men of distinction at the bar. Justice Francis M. Clark sits on the same bench with Judge Ingraham, while Judge George C. Holt sits on the bench of the United States District Court. Other members of the class have filled judicial positions. One was for a long time Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. Another has been a member of the United States Senate. Still another, Mr. Henry L. Nelson, was a journalist of distinction and a writer on Constitutional and governmental questions, ending his career as a much-honored professor in Williams College. Several lawyers of distinction are members of the class.

The presentation happily tempered formality with the intimacy of friendship. Mr. Stetson, who made the address on behalf of the class, emphasized, among other public services, Judge Ingraham's service to his profession by his endeavor to improve the quality of bar examinations, and so to advance the character of its members. Mr. Justice Clarke, in accepting the portrait, not only expressed the warm regard in which Judge Ingraham was held by his associates and their profound respect for his intellectual qualities, but made a striking report of his industry. He was assigned to the Appellate Division at the time of its creation on January 1, 1896, and became its Presiding Judge three years ago. His father, Judge Daniel P. Ingraham, sat thirty-five years in various courts; and the judicial service of the two men, father and son, covers a period of sixty-six years. During the seventeen years in which Judge Ingraham has acted as judge he has participated in the decision of 15,295 calendar cases and has written 2,553 opinions. He takes all the motions made before the Court, and last year there were 754. He reads all the records in

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disciplinary proceedings, constantly consulting with the Committee on Character, and surveying its work. He is kept in close touch with the work of the two Bar Associations. He makes alterations, revises and enforces the rules, and deals with a great number of other important matters. His ability to despatch business is almost phenomenal, and the record of the Appellate Division in this respect is extraordinary. After the first three months the calendar is cleared each month.

Judge Clarke characterized his associate as a man who minimizes technicalities, uses every effort to simplify and hasten procedure, regards a lawyer who betrays his client or deceives the court as a traitor to his profession and an enemy to the State. "His soul flames with righteous indignation." He has driven his associates with a velvet glove, but no less steel-knuckled hand, up to his own standard of incessant work. To that work he has contributed the highest intellectual qualities: knowledge of the law, fertility of resource, wide acquaintance with New York, broad sympathy, common sense, and a passionate desire for justice.

A man who performs one of the most difficult functions which society lays on its members and is honored by his classmates who have followed his career with critical as well as affectionate interest, and by his judicial associates who know him in the work and worry of a very honorable and arduous position, is entitled to the most distinguished recognition that can be given him by a community which too often takes heroic work on its behalf and absolute fidelity to its interests for granted.

THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS

The Rev. Dr. Freeman, the able and very active rector of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, secured the passage, at the recent General Convention of the Episcopal Church in New York City, of a resolution expressing the desire and purpose of that Church to undertake a preaching mission throughout the United States, which shall be distinctly evangelical in character; and a committee of four bishops, four clergymen, and four laymen is to be appointed to give effectiveness to this undertaking. The preamble declares that the age "calls in no uncertain way for a revival of the prophetic ministry." Nothing could be more timely, or, if effectively organized and wisely directed, more fruitful, than the revival of personal preaching which shall reach the American people in every section of the country. At the moment the country is going through a period of intense activity of moral life. With this activity The Outlook not only fully sympathizes, but believes it to be an expression of a genuine revival of religion in the consciousness of the American people; a new endeavor to put into effect the spirit and principles of the religion of Jesus Christ.

But such a movement needs to be accompanied and enforced by powerful statement of Christian truth, and a definite application of that truth to individual life. Every church that depends on institutional methods necessarily doubles its responsibility; for the institutional church can never take the place of the inspirational church; and work with the hands, or even with the heart, must be always reinforced by work on the human will. There cannot be a strong institutional church unless there is behind it a powerful spiritual church. A great extension of a lighting or heating system involves a more powerful dynamo. Nor can ethical and philanthropic activity be long sustained without the reinforcement of a clear and decisive statement of the faith and the constant feeding of the sources of the active impulse with a stream of faith and love. The Church has set in motion great forces. It must stand behind those forces and interpret and direct them. This is its prophetic office; and any revival of this great function on a great scale is to be welcomed, as putting behind the modern movement the spiritual power without which it must sooner or later lose its impulse.

Because this is an active age, zealously seeking for the best methods of helping people practically and providing the best vital conditions, there is danger that it may come to rely on law and organization instead of the spirit and character which are always the determining forces in every civilization. Forms of government are valuable and effective only as they express national character; organization and laws are beneficial only as they register real public opinion. At this moment many people are cherishing the delusion that society can be made over by making laws; and the statute-books are already crowded with laws, many of which are entirely inoperative. Congress and the Legislatures of forty-eight States are continually making

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laws, and in many cases the putting of a law on the statute-books marks the end of an effort toward reform. Laws are of value in great part because of their educational effect. There are some abuses which they can remove directly; there are many which they can reach only because they define a new ideal or embody a new principle, and so put before people another standard. But there are many laws which are fatally defective because they endeavor to deal with things which cannot be reached by legislative action. Society will never become thoroughly sound and sweet except by the moralization of its members. There must be a change of the heart of society before it will bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The right spirit is a thousand times more searching, exacting, and effective than the most rigid regulation.

The prophetic function in the Church is to declare steadily the will of God; and the will of God is written, not on tablets of stone, but on the heart and in the conscience of men. By all means let the outward reform be carried forward with zeal and courage; but it must be accompanied by the inward reform which makes conscience a light to a man's feet and fills him with the spirit of Christ, which imposes few laws but sheds warmth and light on the whole world.

THREE MINUTES TO CHILDREN

I—THE MAN WHO GIVES SOMETHING WORTH COMING FOR

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

SOME seven or eight years ago Henry Sloane Coffin was called to the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. The church, like other city churches, had experienced ups and downs in its history. When Dr. Coffin was called, the congregation did not more than half fill the floor of the church, and there was practically no one in the galleries. The music was rendered by a quartet choir of fair but not extraordinary quality. The congregation took no vocal part in the service, which recalled to me my brother Vaughan's emendation of the psalm, "Let the people praise thee, O God; yea, let four people in the gallery praise thee." The congregation was composed of well-to-do people and the Sunday-school of their children. The congregation was small; the Sunday-school was small; the church work was small. And to a stranger occasionally happening in to the service the atmosphere seemed one of intellectual and spiritual inertness, sometimes inappropriately termed "conservative."

Dr. Coffin belongs to a well-known and wealthy family, and has the reputation of being entirely independent of his salary. He has given himself to the ministry inspired by what may be called the ministerial ambition—that is, the desire to give the life of God to the souls of men. Such a man never lacks a message. He has not to make sermons; they grow. Some one has said with as much truth as wit that there is a great deal of difference between speaking because one has to say something and speaking because one has something to say. One who is called to the ministry by the ministerial ambition always has something to say. Dr. Coffin was, and still is, a professor of homiletics—that is, the art of preaching—in Union Theological Seminary. But this did not satisfy his ministerial ambition, and he was at the same time the pastor of a Presbyterian church in the Bronx, which is practically a suburb of New York, though politically an important borough of the city. When he accepted the call to the Madison Avenue church, on the corner of East Seventy-third Street and Madison Avenue, he did not abandon his professorship.

For the benefit of those of my readers who are not familiar with New York City, it may be well to say that the long and narrow island of Manhattan is divided, in what used to be called the upper part of the City of New York—that is, the part lying between Fifty-ninth Street and One Hundred and Fifteenth Street—by Central Park. Fifth Avenue borders Central Park on the east; parallel to

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it and in the following order are Madison Avenue, Fourth Avenue, Lexington Avenue, Third Avenue, and other avenues still farther east. Fifth Avenue is the most wealthy and has been the most fashionable residential street in the city. Third Avenue is one of the least wealthy residential avenues in the city, being almost wholly given up to shops on the ground floor and rooms or flats for residence on the floors above. The social, or at least the financial, grade of the residences in this district can be unerringly measured by their geographical relation to Fifth and Third Avenues.

Dr. Coffin is a believer in social Christianity. He believes that for the Church and for all Christian disciples there should be some better measure of character than the size of the pocketbook or the texture of the dress. Henry Ward Beecher once said that the people of New York City in their journey to heaven ride in first and second class cars. Dr. Coffin did not believe in this classification of pilgrims to the celestial city. He invited the children of the families east of his church into his church Sunday-school. They came. Presently the Sunday-school accommodations had to be enlarged. Some of the children come in automobiles or in carriages from the west, some come on foot from the east. They meet together in the same classes—the child of the millionaire and the child of the butler or the coachman. Dr. Coffin recruited a large chorus choir of young men and young women from this growing Sunday-school. He asked the pew-holders who had vacant seats in their pews to notify the ushers that they might seat strangers in their vacant sittings. In some cases the stranger was a regular attendant from the Third Avenue neighborhood and shared the pew with a pew-holder from a Fifth Avenue neighborhood. Dr. Coffin prepared a hymn-book which contained songs of social service, which are lacking in most church hymn-books. He enriched the service by some written prayers, especially the General Confession and the General Thanksgiving, and by inspiring the congregation to take vocal part in these prayers and in the singing. He attacked no man's theology, but he preached a religious faith couched in forms of thought fitted to the intellectual temper of the twentieth century. And he took advantage of the theological liberty which the Presbyterian Church accords to its ministers and welcomed to church membership any one who in faith in Christ wished to do his work for the moral and spiritual betterment of the community, and believed that the church would help him to do so. Dr. Hodge once said that there should be no other condition of admission to the church than the condition presented by the Bible for admission to heaven. There are not too many ministers in the Presbyterian pulpits who avail themselves of this principle enunciated by the great historic representative of the most conservative theological seminary in America.

Of course some families left the church. The liberation of thought and the democracy of spirit were too much for them. But three came in when one went out. And they brought their children with them. For Dr. Coffin preaches every Sunday morning a three-minute sermon to children. If I were not writing about a living man, I would say that he had a genius for preaching to children. But one does not always like to say to a man's face what he is willing to say behind his back. The result has proved that the way to get children to come to church is not to urge their parents to bring them. It is to give the children something which is worth their coming for and which *they think* is worth their coming for. Not every preacher can do this as Dr. Coffin does it. But every preacher can at least plan to give to his preaching a simplicity which will enable young people to understand and appreciate it, to put into every sermon some illustration which will appeal to them, and not to make his sermon so long that it is burdensome to the child and therefore to the sympathizing parent.

I borrowed from a friend a little child a few Sundays ago and took her with me to the Madison Avenue Church. I found it filled, both side pews and center pews, back to the door. I found children scattered in considerable numbers throughout the congregation, and, at a guess, sixty or seventy-five boys from the Sunday-school in one of the galleries, and I believe as many girls in the other gallery. And it was delightful to see my little companion watch the preacher and smile to her mother her appreciation of the preacher's points. After the children's sermon, while the congregation was singing a hymn, most of the children went out. I went out with my little companion. She and I had gotten enough to think about for the rest of the day, and something we could both practice on for the rest of our lives. Type cannot give to the reader the personality of

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the preacher, nor his spirit of companionship with children, nor his understanding of the child's point of view. These the reader must imagine for himself as best he can as he reads this sermon about the man that swallowed himself.

II—THE MAN THAT SWALLOWED HIMSELF

BY HENRY SLOANE COFFIN

Boys and girls, I suppose you have all seen performers of tricks who pretended to swallow an egg, or a baseball, or even a sword; but I don't believe any of you have ever heard of a man who could begin with his toes and swallow down his entire self. If you will look up in your Bibles, when you go home, the Book of Ecclesiastes, and turn to the twelfth verse of the tenth chapter, you will read, "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself." You see, the Bible does not consider this man clever, for it calls him a fool; and surely he is a fool, for who would like to swallow himself, so that all that people saw of him was his mouth? How would you like to be thought of as just a mouth?

What sort of a man do you think the Bible is describing?

We all know boys and girls who brag. Some boy says, "I can jump two feet high;" and Mr. Bragger at once remarks, "That's nothing; I can jump twenty feet high." A girl happens to mention that her mother has a new dress, and Miss Bragger speaks up, "I don't think that's anything; my mother has a new dress every day." Now nobody pays much attention to Mr. and Miss Bragger. People say of them, "They're just talk." Their lips have swallowed them up, and people think of them only as mouths.

Again, we unfortunately all know boys and girls who say unkind things about others. Nobody trusts them, for you may be sure that the person who says mean things of others to you will say mean things of you to somebody else. You do not want such children for your friends; you do not want to walk with them to school or to play with them. Their unkind lips have swallowed them up; we think not of them, for they may have some very attractive things about them, but we think of those sharp lips. We lose sight of everything about them and see simply their mean mouths.

Again, I am afraid we all know boys and girls who say things that are untrue. No one ever feels safe with any one who has once told him a lie. We have heard men and women saying, "Yes, I know that So-and-So has agreeable manners, and is bright at his lessons, and can be very entertaining and obliging, but he tells stories, and I don't believe a word he says." His mouth, his mouth that lets the truth out so crooked that it is all twisted and bent and no one can recognize it as the truth, his mouth has swallowed him up. There is no boy left to trust, no girl left to respect. What a terrible thing it is to have lying lips swallow you up, so that nothing remains of you for people to admire and honor and love!

The lips of a fool will swallow up himself.

AN EXILE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I can remember the plaint of the wind on the moor,
Crying at dawning, and crying at shut of the day,
And the call of the gulls that is eerie and dreary and dour,
And the sound of the surge as it breaks on the beach of the bay.

I can remember the thatch of the cot and the byre,
And the green of the garth just under the dip of the fells,
And the low of the kine, and the settle that stood by the fire,
And the reek of the peat, and the redolent heathery smells.

And I long for it all though the roses around me are red,
And the arch of the sky overhead has bright blue for a lure,
And glad were the heart of me, glad, if my feet could but tread
The path, as of old, that led upward and over the moor!

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THE WORLD OF A SINGLE CELL

FIRST STORY

THE CHECKERBOARD SQUARE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

This is the first of a series of four stories relating to Russian prison life and other conditions growing out of Russia's autocracy and oppression of all who believe in the freedom of the Russian people. A second story by Mr. Kennan, continuing the narrative of "The World of a Single Cell," will bear the title "The Girl in Number 59."—THE EDITORS.

ONE hot, sunny forenoon in July, as I sat reading the morning paper in a front room of the Hotel d'Angleterre in St. Petersburg, Maxim, the uniformed messenger of the American Legation, appeared at my door and said:

"His Excellency the Minister directs me to inform you that there is a package in the post-office for you from Siberia, addressed in care of the Legation. The police say that it must be opened and examined before it is delivered. Do you wish to be present at the examination, or would you prefer to have his Excellency send some one from the Legation to represent you?"

I hardly knew what reply to make. Impulse prompted me to go to the post-office myself, but Siberian experience had taught me caution, and, after a moment's reflection, I decided not to put myself in a position where I might be questioned by the police with regard to a package of whose contents I was ignorant. Nearly all of my friends and acquaintances in Siberia were political exiles or convicts, and they might have sent me almost anything, from a collection of pressed flowers to a revolutionary manuscript.

"Tell his Excellency," I said to the messenger, "that if he can send some one from the Legation to get the package I shall be greatly obliged."

An hour or two later Maxim again appeared, bringing in his arms a good-sized roll, or bundle, which had been sewn up in coarse linen, sealed with red wax, and addressed to me, in English as well as in Russian, with a broad-pointed pen. The covering had been slit with a knife, and through the opening I could see a wad of cheap cotton cloth which had apparently been stuffed back into the package without much care after the examination.

"What is it?" I asked the messenger.

"God knows!" he replied, piously. "It looks like one of my wife's old dresses."

Turning back the coarse linen wrapper, I took out a roll which seemed to be made up of strips of dirty, smoke-stained calico, twelve or fourteen inches in width. There were a dozen or more of these strips, and their aggregate length must have been at least a hundred feet. The pattern of the cloth was Asiatic, and I remembered having seen material of the same kind used as a lining for Kirghis tents in the mountains of the Altai. But why should any one mail to me the torn-up and smoky lining of a Kirghis *kibitka*?

Intrinsically, it was not worth the postage paid on it, and it did not seem to be the sort of thing that any of my Siberian friends would be likely to send me as a curiosity. Until I unrolled the last strip I half expected to find something in the center; but there was nothing. Turning again to the wrapper, I examined the address; but it had been written in a careful copy-book hand, which was as legible as print, but which had no peculiarity that made it recognizable. The postmark was so blurred that I could not read it, and the seals bore the imprint of a Turkish or Tartar coin. Neither inside nor outside the package was there anything to show where it had come from or who had sent it. Again I went over the strips, shook them out, and piled them one by one in a heap. Nothing in the shape of a clue appeared. The secret of the package—if it had a secret—was undiscoverable. But it *must* have a secret! No one that I knew in Siberia was likely to suppose that I would be interested in an old Kirghis tent lining. It must either contain something or mean something. Could there be writing on the cloth? Seating myself with crossed legs on the floor, I went over the strips, one by one and foot by foot, with microscopic closeness of examination.

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This time my search was rewarded. One of the last strips that I overhauled seemed to be a little thicker than the others, and upon feeling it carefully and holding it up to the light I found that it was double, the edges of two strips having been lightly basted together with thread that corresponded exactly in color with the material. Between these strips, for a distance of ten or fifteen feet, had been placed large sheets of very soft and thin paper, closely covered with writing on both sides. The language of the manuscript was Russian; but, inclosed in quotation marks, at the head of the first sheet was the following line in English:

"The World of a Single Cell."

Although the document bore neither date nor signature, I guessed in a moment what its nature was and who had sent it to me, because I remembered very well when and where I had heard the play upon words contained in the title.

In the summer of the previous year I had met in the mountains of the Altai a young Russian journalist named Eugene Voronin, who had been banished to that part of Siberia for connection with some political affair whose precise nature I did not learn. He was a young man—perhaps twenty-eight years of age—with blue eyes, fairly regular features of the Scandinavian type, a small mustache curling up a little at the ends, and closely cut chestnut-brown hair which grew so thickly that when he ran his fingers through it, as he frequently did in animated conversation, it stood vigorously on end and seemed to give additional energy and alertness to his resolute, virile face. He impressed me as a man of unusual ability and character, and in describing to me his Siberian experience he showed not only skill in narration, but discriminating intelligence in the selection of facts and incidents that were particularly instructive or telling. Our talk, in the single evening that I spent at his house, related chiefly to the conditions of political exile in the province of Semipalatinsk; but at a late hour of the night the conversation drifted to prisons, and he began to describe to me his life in one of the bomb-proof casemates of the Petropavlovski fortress. The few facts that he had time to give me were so novel and interesting that when I bade him good-by I said:

"Why can't you write all that out for me and send it to me? I am going away tomorrow, and this may be my last talk with you; but I shall get back to St. Petersburg next summer, and before that time you may think of some way of communicating with me safely, or may have a chance to send a letter by some one whom you can trust. The American Legation will always know where I am. What I should like particularly is a description of your prison experience on its personal side. Tell me what you did from day to day, what impressions were made upon you, and what effect long, solitary confinement had upon your mind and character."

"The biggest thing of my life happened to me in the fortress," said Voronin, "but it is very personal; do you want that?"

"Certainly," I replied. "Probably it is the very thing I *do* want. Don't be afraid to write about yourself. If a man ever has an excuse for egotism, it is when he is shut up alone in a bomb-proof casement. He is then the only possible hero of his story, because he is the only inhabitant of his world."

"All right," said Voronin, with a quick, bright smile; "I'll call my recollections 'The Egoistic Story of an Altruist in a World of a Single Cell;' but don't count too much on it. The police are likely to take an interest in your Siberian correspondence, and they may confiscate it. However, I'll get it through to you safely if I can. Good-by! Good luck!"

The young journalist and I never met again; but he did not forget his promise, and twelve months after I bade him good-by in the Siberian settlement of Ulbinsk he not only sent me the story of his fortress experience, but concealed it so skillfully in an old Kirghis tent lining that it escaped the vigilance of the most experienced police in Europe, and very nearly escaped mine. The manuscript read as follows:

When I last saw you, nearly a year ago, you asked me to write out for you the story of my life in the fortress of Petropavlovsk. Before this manuscript reaches you, you will probably have heard a dozen such stories, from men who are better qualified to describe prison life than I am; but all political offenders do not have the same experience even in the same environment, and it is possible that my life differed from that of other prisoners even in so limited a world as that of a single cell. At any rate, you wanted me to tell what I saw, what I did, and what happened to me in the fortress, and it is an episode in my

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personal life that I shall try to give you. In thinking it over, it seems to me that I shall have to begin with the checkerboard square, because on that hangs all the story there is to tell.

When I was arrested, about two o'clock on a warm, still night in June, I was taken by two gendarmes in a closed carriage to the Litovski Zamok, an old prison in St. Petersburg which in the course of your investigations you may have visited. After I had been searched, and after my name, age, occupation, and other biographical data had been recorded in the prison register, I was conducted to a fairly large but gloomy cell in the second story, where I was locked up and left to my own devices. Nothing of importance happened, so far as this story is concerned, until the next forenoon, when, as I stood at the grated window looking out into the courtyard, my attention was attracted by a low tapping on the wall that separated me from the next cell. I had heard, of course, of the knock alphabet, and knew that criminals in our prisons were accustomed to communicate with one another in this way; but I was wholly ignorant of the code, and did not even know on what principle it was based. All that I could do, therefore, was to rap three or four times on my side of the wall, in friendly response to my unseen neighbor's greeting. But this did not seem to satisfy him. After waiting a moment, as if in expectation of something further, he began another series of knocks, which lasted for two or three minutes, but which had no more significance for me than the tapping of a woodpecker. I was sorry that I had never taken the trouble to find out something about the knock alphabet, but as there seemed to be little use in exchanging signals that had no meaning on either side of the wall, I finally gave it up, went back to the window, and became absorbed again in my own gloomy thoughts. But the knocking continued at intervals throughout the forenoon, and every time I became conscious of my environment I heard the soft tap-tap-tapping of the unseen hand in the other cell. Just before the time for the midday meal it ceased; but after the turnkey had brought me my dinner and retired, it began again, and continued, hour after hour, until I was finally forced into making an effort, at least, to understand it. The thing was getting on my nerves, and, besides that, my neighbor might have something important to tell me.

As soon as I began to listen to the knocks attentively, I noticed that they were segregated in spaced groups, and the thought occurred to me that perhaps the number of knocks in a group was the serial number of a letter in the alphabet, one knock standing for "a," two for "b," three for "c," and so on. That would be the simplest possible form of knock alphabet, and the one that a prisoner would naturally think of first. As soon as I tested this conjecture I found myself on the right track. I was not used to reading by arithmetic, and had to go over the alphabet a dozen times before I could remember what the serial numbers of the letters were, but as my neighbor confined himself to a single word, and patiently repeated that word again and again, I finally figured it out. Numerically it was 21-14-4-5-18-19-20-1-14-4; alphabetically it proved to be u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d.[1]

All day long, the prisoner in the other cell had been knocking out "Understand? Understand? Understand?" making more than a hundred knocks for every repetition of the word. He must have thought before he got an intelligent response that there was either great indifference or extraordinary stupidity on my side of the wall; but he probably knew that he was dealing with a novice and that he must have patience. As soon as I grasped the significance of the numerical inquiry, I responded eagerly:

"25-5-19" (Y-e-s).

He then knocked out, slowly and carefully, "Learn better way; listen!"

In the stillness of the prison I could hear his actions almost as perfectly as I could have seen them if the wall had been transparent. With some hard object in his hand he gave the wall one emphatic rap, and then scratched a long horizontal line across it as high up as he could reach. This was followed by two raps and the scratching of a second line about a foot below the first. One after another, he drew in this way seven horizontal lines, six or eight feet long and twelve or fourteen inches apart, numbering them from one to seven, by means of raps, as he drew them. He then scratched six perpendicular lines across the first series, giving to each its number, from left to right, in the same way. The whole diagram, when finished, presented itself to my imagination as a huge vertical checkerboard, with num-

[1] For the sake of clearness, I have substituted the English for the Russian alphabet.—G. K.

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bered rows and columns. I had never before had occasion to see with my ears, but I found it quite possible to do so, and I have no doubt that by making proper use of a scratcher and the knock alphabet a mathematician might give a lesson in plane geometry through a ten-inch wall.

As soon as my instructor completed his invisible but audible checkerboard he rapped out the words: "Put alphabet in squares."

This I succeeded in doing by scratching the diagram on the floor with a nail which I found driven into the woodwork behind the door. The man in the other cell then began knocking again, but, instead of designating a letter by its serial number in the alphabet, he located it on the checkerboard square by giving the number of the row and the number of the column at whose intersection it would be found. I don't know who originally invented this device, but it reduces by at least seventy per cent the number of knocks required. To make the vowel "u" by the first method one must knock twenty-one times, but the same letter may be indicated on the checkerboard square with six knocks. In learning this code, the beginner must have the diagram before him, because he has to refer to it constantly; but after he has memorized the numerical value of the letters he can wholly dispense with it, because he no longer needs its guidance. Every group of knocks then has its alphabetical equivalent in his brain, and the translation is made almost without conscious effort. After a few days' practice one can easily knock out from eight to twelve words a minute, and this rate of speed may be greatly increased by abbreviations in spelling.

The first question asked by my instructor after I had learned the square was:

"Who are you?"

I gave my name.

"From the gentry?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; all of our brothers" (*i. e.*, all of our kind) "know the square. Rapping to you was like offering nuts to a toothless squirrel. I thought you'd never twig. What are you in for?"

"Probably for something I've written; I'm a political."

"Ah! Politicheski! I know your kind. They're not a bad lot, but they all write too much. There were two politicals in my party when I went to Siberia, and one of them was a writer. In our motherland writing is risky business. Your tongue will take you to Kiev, but your pen will take you to Schlusselburg."[1]

"Who are you?" I inquired in turn.

"Ivan Bezrodni" (Ivan Nameless), he replied.[2]

"A *brodyag*, then?" (a tramp).

"Precisely that. The forest is my mother and the jail my father."

"Have you been in prison long?"

"Not long here, but many times in other places; I'm a runaway convict. Is this your first imprisonment?"

"The very first," I replied.

"Then I can teach you many useful things. I'm only a *muzhik*—educated with copper money—but I know jails as the tongue knows the mouth."

My fellow-prisoner did not overestimate his capabilities as an instructor. In the course of the next two weeks we became fairly intimate, and when I had gained his confidence he did not hesitate to share with me the extraordinary fund of knowledge and experience that he had acquired in perhaps a hundred different jails, *ostrogs*, forwarding prisons, and *étapes*. He taught me three or four ingenious ciphers; described to me methods of intercommunication between cells by means of stoves, gas fixtures, bread pills, pendulums, and the New Testament; told me how to hide small objects so that the turnkeys would not find them in a search; and impressed upon my mind the importance in prison life of the apparently insignificant things that a man may find and pick up in the courtyard when he is taken out for his walk, such as buttons, pins, old nails, bits of string, pieces of glass, and even half-burned matches and the ends of cigarettes.

"You can't rap long, nor make a clear sound," he said, "with your knuckles. You must have a knocker, and a button or a nail is good. Hide it in the hot-air hole of your stove, or keep it in your mouth when you are searched. With a pin, or the burned end of a match, and a scrap of cigarette paper, you've got writing materials. Hide them in the toe of your shoe. Look everywhere, notice everything, save everything,

[1] Kiev is a place of pilgrimage; Schlusselburg is a fortress prison for political convicts.—G. K.

[2] Common criminals who escape from prison or exile and become tramps usually call themselves "Ivan Nameless" or "Ivan Dontremember" when they are rearrested, hoping thus to conceal their identities and their records. Hundreds of these "Ivans" are registered in the books of the police every year. They are known as "brodyags," and are flogged and sent to Siberia every time they escape and are recaptured.—G. K.

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and listen for all noises. If there's a Bible in your cell, look for pin-holes in the leaves."

In short, my friend the *brodyag* gave me a full course of instruction in the only branch of knowledge that is studied in our prisons, viz., the art of outwitting jailers. Nothing, however, that I learned from him was more useful to me than the checkerboard square. With a knowledge of that diagram, a prisoner can seldom be wholly isolated, even in a bomb-proof casemate. He may be, as you said, "the only inhabitant of his world," but by means of the knock alphabet he can enter into mental and emotional relations with the inhabitants of other similar worlds around him, and may thus keep his faculties and sympathies alive through months and even years of solitude and loneliness.

I was transferred to the fortress early in August. Two gendarmes came to my cell in the middle of the night, waked me, ordered me to dress, and then took me downstairs to a closed and curtained carriage which was waiting for us in the street. When I asked where we were going, they replied, in the words that I was to hear so often in the months to come, "*Prikazano ne govoreet*" (The orders are not to talk). I had little doubt that our destination was the fortress, and when, after we had crossed a long bridge and turned a corner, I heard the hollow echo of the horses' feet from the sides and roof of a vaulted passage, I knew that we were entering one of the courtyards of our dreaded political prison. In front of a sentinel-guarded door the gendarmes turned me over to a warden and two soldiers, who took me through a long, dimly lighted corridor to cell No. 58. After I had put on the fortress dress—coarse undershirt and drawers, felt slippers, and a long loose *khalat*—the jailers retired, and I was left alone to acquaint myself with my new and strange environment.

Although I was young, strong, and temperamentally buoyant, the cell in which I found myself chilled me with a feeling of foreboding and dread. It was large and high, because it had been built to hold a heavy cannon; but the walls were black, cold, and damp; the heavily grated window was eight feet or more above the floor, and the gloominess and stillness suggested a burial vault rather than a prison cell or even a casemate. The only articles of furniture in the room were the ordinary Russian stove of plastered brick; a narrow iron bed, one end of which was fastened to the wall with bolts; a shelf-like iron table, secured in the same way; a wooden commode with a hinged door; and a wash-basin, into which the guard in the corridor could pour water through a tube. Light was furnished by a small kerosene lamp of brass, which my jailers had left on the table at the head of the bed when they retired.

After examining carefully every object in the cell (in accordance with the counsel of my friend the *brodyag*), I listened attentively for some sound of human life or activity; but the silence was that of a sepulcher. Suddenly I became conscious of two human eyes staring at me from a narrow slit in the heavy plank door. As I took a step toward them they vanished, and with a faint click the hinged cover of the peep-hole dropped into its place. The consciousness that vigilant, impersonal, and apparently disembodied eyes were constantly watching me—as if I were an insect under a microscope—took away the only comfort there was in solitude. Aloneness I could endure, but secret, stealthy surveillance, in addition to loneliness, was intolerable. "However," I thought, "darkness will shelter me from that," and, stepping to the table, I blew out the light. In a few minutes the key grated in the rusty lock, the door opened, and a soldier entered with another lighted lamp.

"Putting out the light is not allowed," he said; "and if you do it again, we'll put you in a place where it will be dark all the time."

I made no reply, but when he had gone I set the lamp on the floor, in the farthest corner of the cell, and threw myself on the bed. Slowly and mournfully, at the quarter-hour, the bells in the spire of the fortress cathedral chimed out the air of the liturgical response, "Have mercy, O Lord!"

I fell asleep at last, but the eyes at the slit of the "judas" and the faint, far-away chiming of church melodies gave form and color to a vivid dream in which I imagined that I had fallen into a death-like trance and was about to be buried. The priest who was conducting the funeral service looked into my coffin through a slit in the lid and saw with comprehending eyes that I was alive; but, turning away indifferently, he gave the signal for lowering my body into the grave, and then, seizing a handful of earth, he sprinkled it over me while he intoned in a deep bass voice, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, and the

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wide world and all that dwell therein."[1] With the sound of the sprinkled earth in my ears I awoke. The lamp was still burning, but the gray light of dawn was coming in through the high-grated embrasure.

My first day in the fortress was typical of innumerable days to come. Three times, at intervals of four or five hours, a silent soldier handed food to me through a square port-hole in the heavy plank door. As knives and forks had been used by desperate or insane prisoners as a means of committing suicide, they were not furnished—at least not to me. Solids, such as bread and meat, were cut into slices or mouthfuls which could be eaten from the hand, and for soup and porridge there was provided a wooden spoon. Twice every hour, on an average, a turnkey in the corridor looked through the slit in the door to see what I was doing; but as he was shod in felt slippers there was no sound of footsteps to warn me of his approach. The grave-like stillness of the casemate was never broken save by the faint, distant chiming of the quarter-hours in the belfry of the fortress cathedral and the firing of a heavy gun on the parapet at noon. All through the first day of my incarceration I watched the narrow strip of sky that I could see through the high window, with the hope that the sun would cross it; but it never did. The window opening was a tunnel through five feet of masonry, and not a ray of sunshine could get into it. Late in the afternoon there was a reflection from the high encircling wall of the courtyard, which brightened for a time the gloomy atmosphere of the cell; but it did not last long. During most of the day I sat in a gray twilight which was like that of a crypt.

My first thought, after I became accustomed to my environment, was that of opening communication by means of the knock alphabet with possible neighbors in adjoining cells; but it was neither so safe nor so easy to do this in the fortress as it had been in the Litovski Zamok. There the walls were thin and the guards negligent or indifferent; but here there might be two feet of masonry between me and the occupant of the next cell, and the watchful eyes at the slit of the "judas" made it difficult to knock without being seen. However, I determined to try. Seating myself at the head of the bed, I buried my face in my crossed arms on the little table, and out of the corners of nearly closed eyes watched the peep-hole in the door. Presently its hinged cover rose and the guard looked into the cell. Seeing nothing suspicious in my attitude, he closed the aperture and went on to the next casemate, while I began knocking with my knuckles under cover of my knee. There was no response. After waiting a moment I knocked again, and then, laying my ear to the wall, listened with concentrated attention. All that I could hear was the beating of my heart. A dozen times that day, in the comparatively safe intervals between the visits of the guard to my door, I rapped first on one side wall and then on the other; but never was there an answering knock. Either the cells next to mine were unoccupied or the occupants did not hear my signals.

At the end of the third day I became satisfied that I was absolutely isolated. The *brodyag* in the Litovski Zamok had assured me, out of his wide experience, that intercommunication between cells was always possible in one way or another; but he had never been in the fortress. That labyrinth of stone-walled corridors and casemates was an exception to all prison rules and would have defied perhaps even his ingenuity and resourcefulness. I certainly could think of no possible way of connecting my world with any other world. So far as social relations were concerned I might as well have been shut up alone in a chamber of the Catacombs, because the guard who handed me food through the twelve-inch port-hole would not talk, and the eyes which appeared every half-hour at the "judas" slit in the door never gave me a sense of human association, much less of sympathetic human companionship.

It was the policy of the Government at that time to shake the courage and break down the resolution of newly arrested political offenders by subjecting them for long periods to the depressing influences of solitude, stillness, and gloom. It was thought that when a man had been virtually buried alive for a month or two he would be more inclined to make full confession, or at least that he would be less able to hold his mental grip under a browbeating and terrifying examination. For this reason everything was done—particularly at first—to make the conditions of imprisonment as trying as possible to mind and nerves. General Strelnikof even put metallic hoods over the windows of prison

[1] The equivalent, in the Russian service, of the words "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" in the English Book of Common Prayer.—G. K.

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cells, in order to deprive the occupants of the cheer and comfort that they might get from sunshine. In the fortress, however, this was not necessary, as the light which came in through the high tunnels of the half-walled-up embrasures was dim and feeble at best.

The first break in the monotony of my life came about a month after my incarceration, when I was taken to the gloomy chamber of the Corps de Garde for examination. An official in blue uniform whom I did not know asked me a great number of questions with regard to my political activity, my associates, and the work in the pressroom of my paper, where, evidently, the police thought revolutionary literature had been printed. As I refused to answer most of these questions, I was taken back to my cell, with the warning that if I continued to maintain this obstinate attitude I might be condemned to penal servitude.

Then began what seemed to me an eternity of loneliness, solitude, stillness, and gloom. Once a day a soldier entered the casemate to change the drawer of the commode; three times a day another handed me food through the port-hole; and once a month a third came with scissors to cut my hair and nails: but none of these men would talk, or allow me to talk, and they were changed so often from corridor to corridor and from bastion to ravelin that I seldom saw the same face twice. Their visits, however, were the events of my life; and in the intervals between them I had nothing to do but think, pace my cell, listen to the faint, mournful chiming of the cathedral bells, and watch apprehensively for the appearance of the expressionless eyes at the slit of the "judas," which, every time I encountered them unexpectedly, gave me a slight nervous shock.

The greatest danger of solitary confinement under such conditions is that of sinking into a mind-unbalancing melancholia; and against this danger I endeavored to guard by inventing occupations for mind and hands. The first thing I tried was saving a part of my daily ration of bread, moistening it in my mouth, and then molding it into figures. This promised well, and I thought it might even be possible to make a few chessmen, with which I could think out openings and endings and contrive problems. I soon discovered, however, that this form of activity was prohibited. On the second or third day the eyes at the peep-hole happened to notice what I was doing, and a few moments later a warden entered the casemate, took away my figures, and threatened me with the dark cell. Then I tried unraveling one of my stockings in order to get yarn with which I could invent knots and practice tying them. This, too, was soon discovered and forbidden. I was finally reduced to mental arithmetic and the composition and memorization of newspaper editorials; but these exercises were fatiguing and did not satisfy my craving for occupation and diversion.

The longing for some familiar sound to break the eternal silence led me one day to try talking aloud to myself; but this also proved to be a violation of prison rules, and all that I could do, when the stillness became intolerable, was to hiccough artificially or cough. For three months the only sounds I heard were infrequent orders in a low tone from the generally silent soldiers of the guard, the dull boom of the noon gun from the parapet, and the chiming of "Have mercy, O Lord!" "How Glorious is Our Lord in Zion!" and "God Save the Czar!" from the belfry of the fortress cathedral. I continued to rap on the side walls with my knuckles every three or four days, with a faint hope that a prisoner might have been put into one of the adjoining cells during the night; but I never got a response. And yet the saying of the *brodyag* that intercommunication between cells is always possible proved at last to be true.

When winter came on, and my health began to fail so noticeably as to attract the attention of the guard, I was taken out to walk for fifteen or twenty minutes every day in the walled courtyard. Presuming that other prisoners were taken there, one by one, at other times, and remembering the instructions of the *brodyag* in the Litovski Zamok, I scrutinized closely every square foot of ground over which I passed, and on the second or third day I noticed, picked up, and transferred to my mouth unobserved an object that looked like a small gray marble. When I had been taken back to my cell and the guard had gone, I examined it, and found it to be a frozen sphere of bread. As soon as it thawed out I opened it and discovered a crumpled bit of cigarette paper in which groups of holes had been pricked with a pin. The holes were numerically equivalent to the letters "b-l-o-k" in the checkerboard square, and Blok was the name of one of my classmates in the university. I had lost sight of him after our graduation, and did not know

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that he had been arrested; but the fact that he was a fellow-prisoner in the fortress gave me at once a feeling of companionship, and the receipt of what was practically a message from him cheered and inspirited me more than anything that had happened to me.

Three or four days later fortune befriended me again. In the course of one of my walks in the courtyard I picked up a cigarette which had been thrown away by one of the guard because the wrapper had burst; and that same day, at noon, I found in my bowl of soup a small but fairly solid piece of chopped off bone attached to a mouthful of meat. The cigarette wrapper I concealed in the toe of my felt slipper, and the bone I hid in the pillow of my bed. I then had paper and a knocker. Neither was immediately available, because I had nothing to mark or pierce the paper with, and no body to knock to; but I felt sure that I should find a use for them later, and even if I did not, the mere fact that I had something of my own gave me a feeling of satisfaction. In the outside world a scrap of paper and a bone are not a large capital, but in the world of a single cell they are wealth. With a piece of the *brodyag* in the Litovski Zamak had given me a full course of instruction in telegraphy, applied mathematics, and prison strategy, and with a little moistened bread, half a cigarette, and a pin Blok had given me hope, a feeling of companionship, and a new interest in life.

CHINESE CHARACTER[1]

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

WE would understand Chinese conditions better if we understood the individual Chinaman better. In order to understand the Chinese let us take a single Chinaman as an example and study him.

Under the late Empire the most eminent Chinaman was doubtless Li Hung-chang, Grand Secretary of State and President of the Council. These were the highest offices of state.

Li Hung-chang was of pure Chinese extraction. There was nothing of the Manchu about him. Even in his seventy-fifth year he gave one the impression of great health and vigor. Standing full six feet in height, he was of commanding presence. His face was strongly molded. His eyes were dark and piercing. In his silken robes he was certainly a picturesque figure, as many Americans who saw him when he visited this country can testify. A portrait appears in the picture section of this week's Outlook.

Inertness and prejudice seem leading Chinese characteristics. Taking Li as a type of the Chinese character, in his younger days we find him ingrained with prejudice, as one might expect. Of Christianity he wrote in 1849:

I think it would be a noble and glorious career, and highly pleasing to the sacred gods and to my ancestors, if in all my books and papers were to tell the people the truth about the sacred gods and false genii of the foreign devils. I could easily obtain the information which would show up these impostors to the whole people, at least to the base and ignorant coolies of the south who, I hear, are listening to the sacrilegious utterances of the black-robed individuals.

These foreign devils come to the country for no good to it. They preach and talk in low voices, and hold up their hands, and pretend that they come for the people's benefit; but I hear that each and every one of them is a paid agent of some foreign power, and is here only to spy upon the government.

This excerpt sums up Li's notion of the supposed union of Church and State as represented by the missionary agents of Europe and America.

In flat contradiction of his early attitude, also giving us a wrong impression of it, were Li's later views regarding Christianity:

I want to say that I am not of those of my countrymen who have been in opposition, either openly or secretly, to the advance of the Western Church in China. On the contrary, I have from very early days welcomed the missionary of the West as well as the merchant or the engineer, and I hope to continue in this attitude to the end of my days. For it is my earnest belief that the sooner China awakens her vast body to all that is good in the West, without sacrificing her own virtues and high qualities, without neglecting her own splendid philosophy and beautiful literature—the gifts of her sages and poets for centuries and centuries—the

[1] Memoirs of Li Hung-chang. Edited by William Francis Mannix. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

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er will she take her place among the powers is age, and the sooner will her people rise higher and better plane.

Oriental prejudices die hard. Though Li ..cally changed his views of Christianity, his ..nion of suicide, even when he was an old ..an, had become only slightly modified:

n my early days I was possessed of many ideas t I know now were foolish and wicked, and at all in agreement with common sense or sophy. One of these is suicide. . . . If a or woman has lost his or her face [*i. e.*, is aced] so badly that it is impossible to re- e it, then perhaps it is better to be buried in the earth than to live and see shame all est of one's days.

, if a government official, with many hon- estowed upon him, is caught stealing the y that belongs to the Throne, and cannot back all that he has taken, even to the last it is better that he take poison.

, if a great official, when he finds that his try is humiliated through him, even though nally he be not at fault, it is a true sign of love of country if he put an end to his

He continues later thus:

Many people take their lives for less reason would be necessary to send a vagrant to for two days. They are silly people; they only from silly and selfish motives; they much pride and self-love, and they want ers to think they are brave. Many widows their throats or bind twine tightly about ir necks or their bowels, or swallow large ses of poisonous herbs, in an attempt to show affection they have for their departed sands. What a silly thing! especially if t were the reason; but the truth is that the ow has become lazy, or she fears no other n will want to work for her support. In this she does not deceive herself, neither does she ol the many thousands who are glad to come d witness her death. Let the widow marry again and rear up more spirits to honor the spirits of those gone before. Of course, if she is too lazy to do this, suicide is good enough for her.

When I was a very young boy in Anhuei I was accused of something wrong, and some of my youthful friends told me that I could only save my face and the face of my family by jumping into a well. I was guilty of the wrong—the taking of two ducks from a pond, which I cooked and ate—and I was very sorry, even without the severe punishment administered to me by my father and mother as well as by the owner of the fowl. But I did not want to die, although I had disgraced my people and myself. I went to my mother to ask her if I should jump into the well. She said, No; that it would not be right; but that the better thing for me to do would be to earn enough in the next harvest time to pay for the ducks, and to give an extra duck, and seven eggs besides. This advice I followed.

Li's opinion of foreigners, like that of Christianity, became changed. They were no longer "devils" to him. They became human beings to be admired and loved. He says:

There must be some human or ancestral association connected with a place if I am to think about it, or dream about it, or write about it.

Moscow as Moscow is nothing to me; but as the place where I witnessed such overpowering ceremonials, where I saw the Czarina, . . . it is a place enshrined deep in my heart.

And so with Essen—I hate its smoke and heat, but I love Essen because of Herr Krupp. . . .

And so with Hawarden.

And so with Philadelphia, and Washington, and Mount Vernon.

The above quotations are sufficient to indicate that the best type of Chinese character, such as Li exemplified, although strongly given to prejudice, is not inert or unsusceptible of change.

Indeed, some of these changes served him well in his advance in his own country. He was of fair birth and fair means, but in every essential sense was a self-made man. He was docile and not procrastinating in his education. He passed through all the grades to the final contest at Peking, earning distinguished honors, although his competitors numbered twenty thousand. Later he was made a member of the Han-lin College, which corresponds somewhat to the French Academy.

The Taiping rebellion was the first national crisis to bring out Li's qualities. In it, as a soldier, he rendered valuable services to his country. Here again he had to modify his natural tendencies in order fully to appreciate the services rendered in defending the Chinese Government from the rebels by two foreigners—General Ward, the American, and General Gordon, the Englishman. Li's diary reveals not only a high appreciation of the services of these men, but also an accurate appreciation of Gordon's defects.

And this brings us to a consideration of that second Chinese characteristic—keenness. If inertness, not to say stolidity, if bigotry and prejudice, are the first unattractive features of the Chinese character to strike the foreigner, keenness is the first attractive feature. Li's keenness was shown best by the judgments he passed upon his foreign contemporaries. Of Prince Bismarck, for instance, he remarked, after a visit to President Cleveland:

I cannot compare Mr. Cleveland with any man whom I have met, unless it is with Prince

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Bismarck. Yet, while he appears to have the great force and will power of the Iron Chancellor, I am sure he is not possessed of the same quick temper. Bismarck kicked one of his hounds, and slapped a lackey for letting the dog get in his way. I cannot imagine President Cleveland doing that, or getting so red in the face as Bismarck did.

Li's keenness was shown quite as much in his estimate of things as of persons. Take, for instance, this cynical observation about wealth:

A poor man is ever at a disadvantage in matters of public concern. When he rises to speak, or writes a letter to his superiors, they ask: Who is this fellow that offers advice? And when it is known that he is without coin they spit their hands at him, and use his letters in the cooks' fires. But if it be a man of wealth who would speak, or write, or denounce, even though he have the brain of a yearling dromedary, or a spine as crooked and unseemly, the whole city listens to his words and declares them wise.

But he also ruminated as follows:

After all, what is wealth? My noble and severe parent had it in goodly quantity, but it cannot be said that it made him happy. He was far from being a happy man. . . . I have found that neither great wealth nor distinguished decorations, nor both put together, will guarantee a man against unrest of mind or turmoil of soul. How great and honorable is the Peacock's Feather of the Throne, yet how much easier rests the head on goose feathers!

After the Taiping rebellion the circumstance which brought Li to the fore occurred in 1870 during the riots in Tienstin. These threatened war with France. Li had gained some reputation for military skill and for administrative capacity. He was now to show his worth as a diplomat. His achievements in this direction, as his friend, the American statesman, the Hon. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, says in an Introduction to the "Memoirs," entitle Li to a front rank in the international relations of all history. We thus take up this volume feeling that it is a historical document of the first importance. Li's brilliant and successful termination of the questions growing out of the riots duly impressed the Imperial Government. The Emperor made him a Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chili, Grand Secretary of State, and a noble of the first rank. He was now the first official of the Government.

He also became the first man in China in the estimation of other governments. This was signally shown in 1895, when, after the Chino-Japanese War, the Japanese Government refused to receive the Peace Commissioners named by China, but sent a message to Peking saying that if Li Hung-chang should be appointed he would be received and treated with the highest consideration. He was immediately appointed, and conducted the peace negotiations doubtless as well as any one could have done. In those negotiations he was aided by Mr. Foster, of whom Li says in his "Memoirs:"

Mr. Foster remained with me a large part of the day and well into the night; and here is a fitting place to say that I feel that China should ever remember him as a great national friend just as I shall ever cherish him as a true and helpful personal one. Indeed, I do not hesitate to say that but for Mr. Foster the case might have gone more heavily against us, though he was by no means one-sided in his views—on several points in the dispute actually taking the view of the Japanese.

The estimate in which foreign nations held Li Hung-chang was also shown some years later when, in preparation for the ceremonies of the coronation of the Russian Emperor, Nicholas II himself sent a personal request to the Government that Li should be intrusted with the mission of the special Chinese Ambassador for that occasion. This was granted, and, though now a rather old man, Li did not hesitate immediately to comply. Next to the Czar, his was the most notable figure at the coronation. The Chinese Ambassador, it is interesting to note, cherished no illusions regarding the personal peril involved in being Czar. Li says:

I do not think I should like to exchange positions with the Czar, even to have the fine Czarina as wife and my choice of the rarest tea!

Especially in these later years I have had no fear of my life being taken, unless it would be by some crazy fanatic like the fellow who shot me in the eye at Shimonoseki. Several times in the days of my first viceroyalty low fellows sought to take my life, and once in Tientsin a low fellow came into my courtyard and told the banner captain in charge that he intended taking my life. He had a long piece of wire, and said he was going to hang me to my own gateposts. I had to have his head cut off before he would stop talking.

Among the persons he met, the Russian Empress seems to have made a peculiarly profound impression upon Li—indeed, of all the women he saw on his round-the-world pilgrimage, the Empress and Mrs. Cleveland were, in his mind, doubtless the most striking figures. Of the latter he says:

It is told me that of all those fair women who have been mistresses of the Executive Mansion at Washington, Mrs. Cleveland is one of the most lovable. This I can readily believe, for I

(Continued on page following illustrations)

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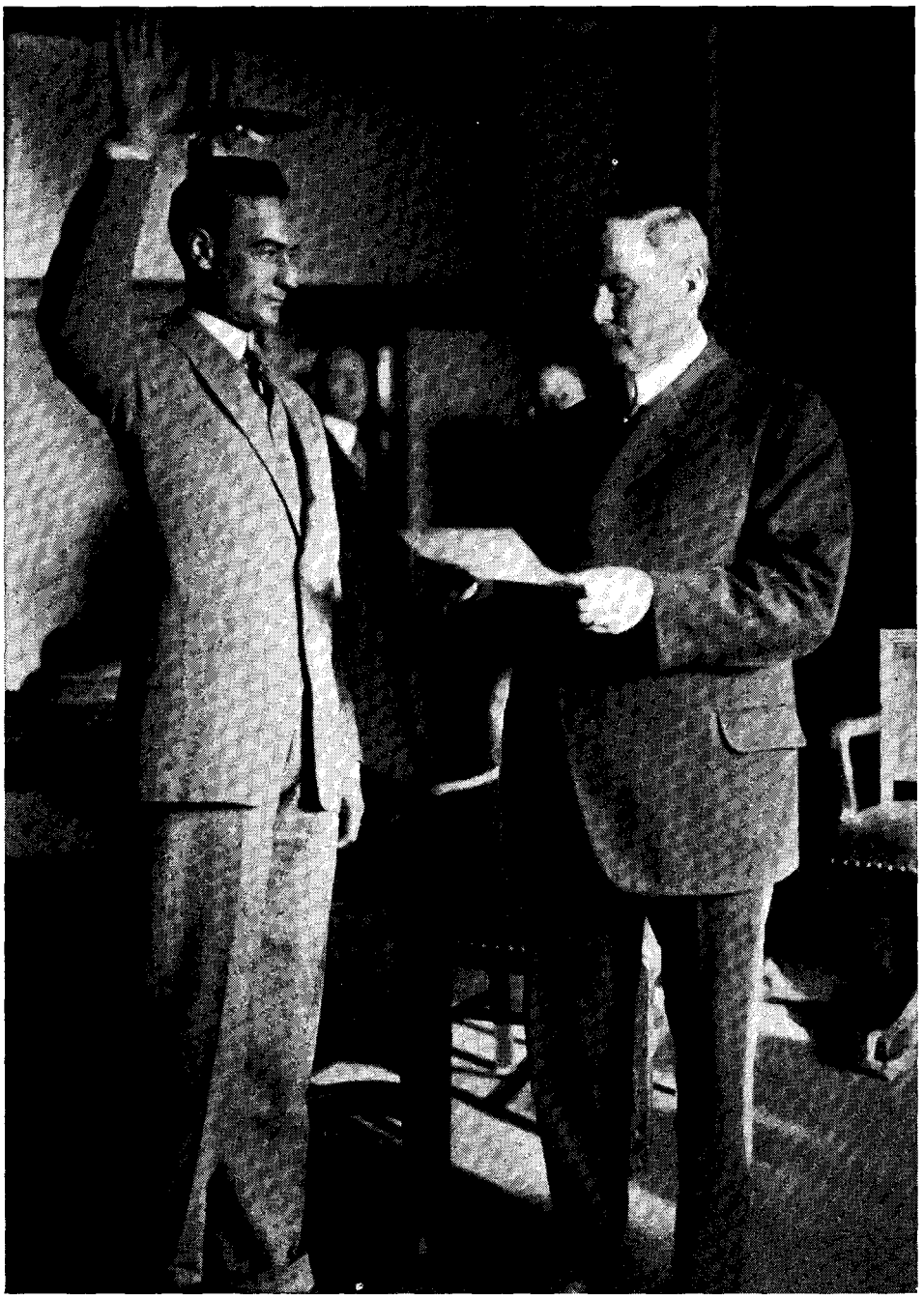
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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JOHN PURROY MITCHEL TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Mitchel, though a young man, has held the offices of Assistant Corporation Counsel, Commissioner of Accounts, President of the Board of Aldermen, Acting Mayor, and Collector of the Port of New York. In politics he is an Independent Democrat; but in his administration it is believed that he will be non-partisan

See editorial pages with reference to the new Mayor's appointments

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VISCOUNT SUTEMI CHINDA

Japanese Ambassador to the United States

Born in 1856; educated in America; Minister to Brazil; Ambassador to Germany

See editorial pages

LI HUNG-CHANG

The Memoirs of this famous Chinese statesman are reviewed in this issue

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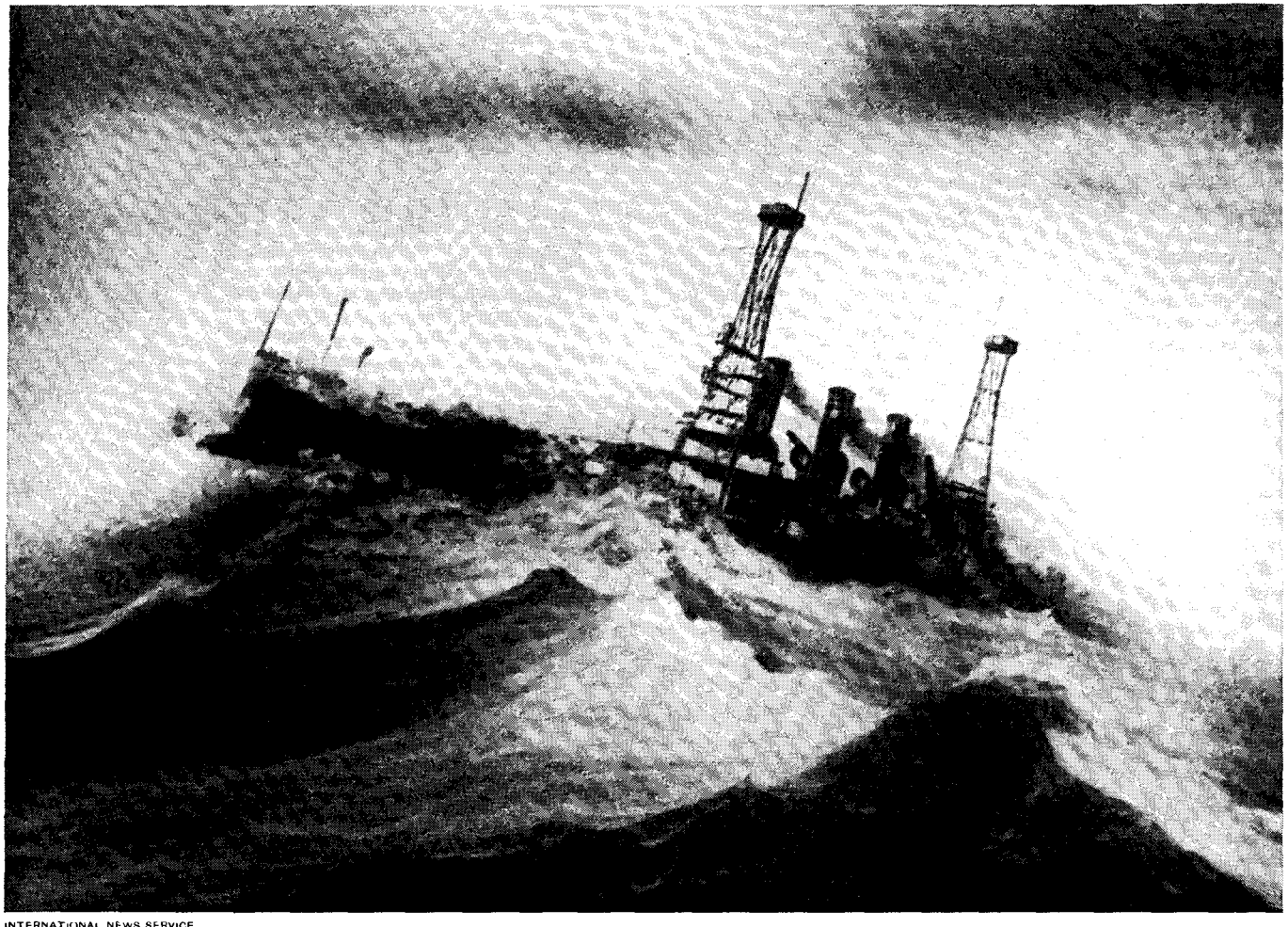

INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

THE VERMONT BATTLING WITH OLD NEPTUNE

This fine photograph of a battle-ship struggling with the elements was taken by a member of the crew of the Wyoming while the fleet was returning from Europe after the recent voyage to the Mediterranean

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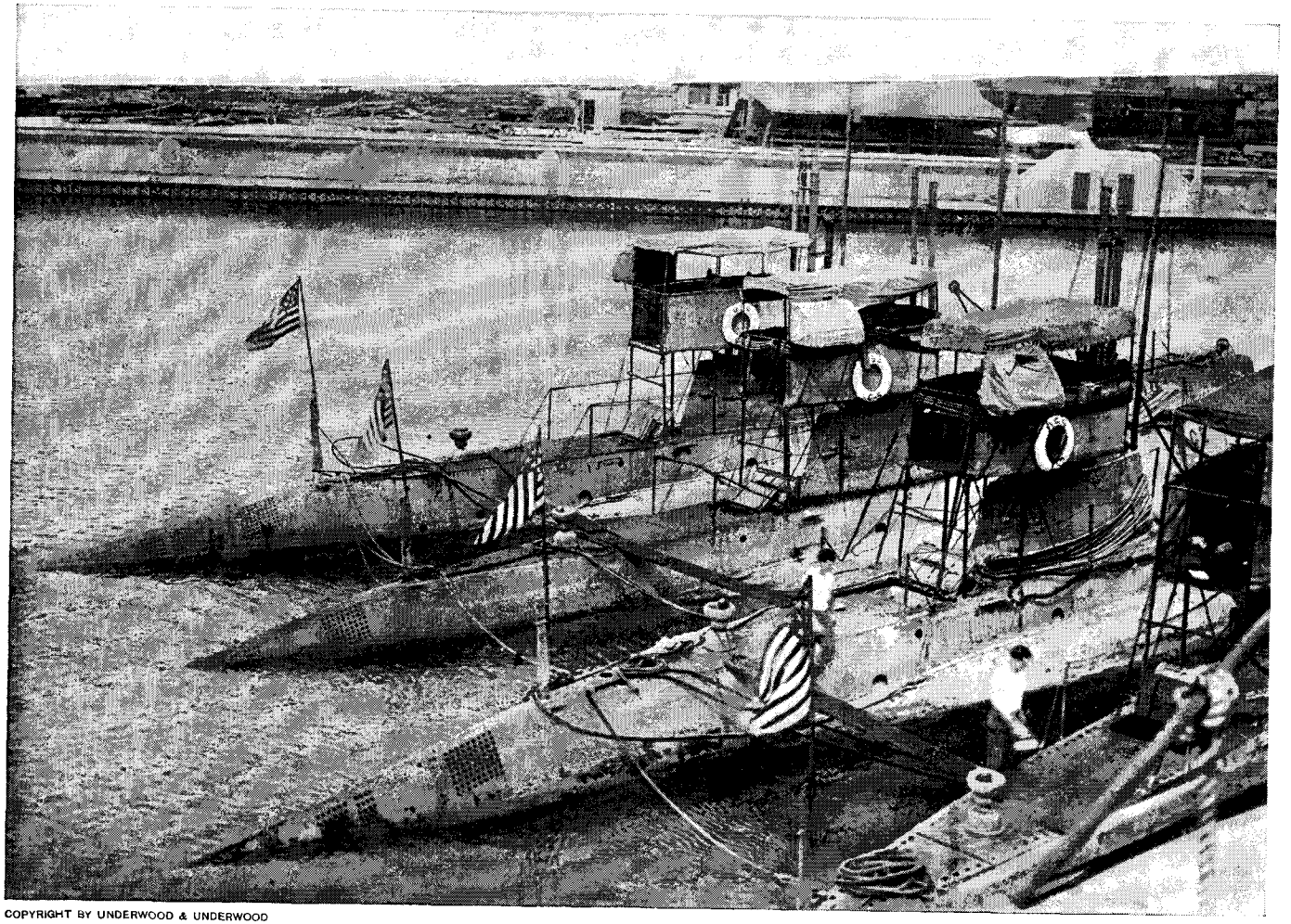

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SUBMARINES TO BE USED IN DEFENDING THE PANAMA CANAL

The vessels here shown are to be used in defense of the Pacific side of the Canal. They appear as anchored in the new concrete docks at Colon, waiting to pass through the Canal, after having made the longest sea voyage on record for submarines

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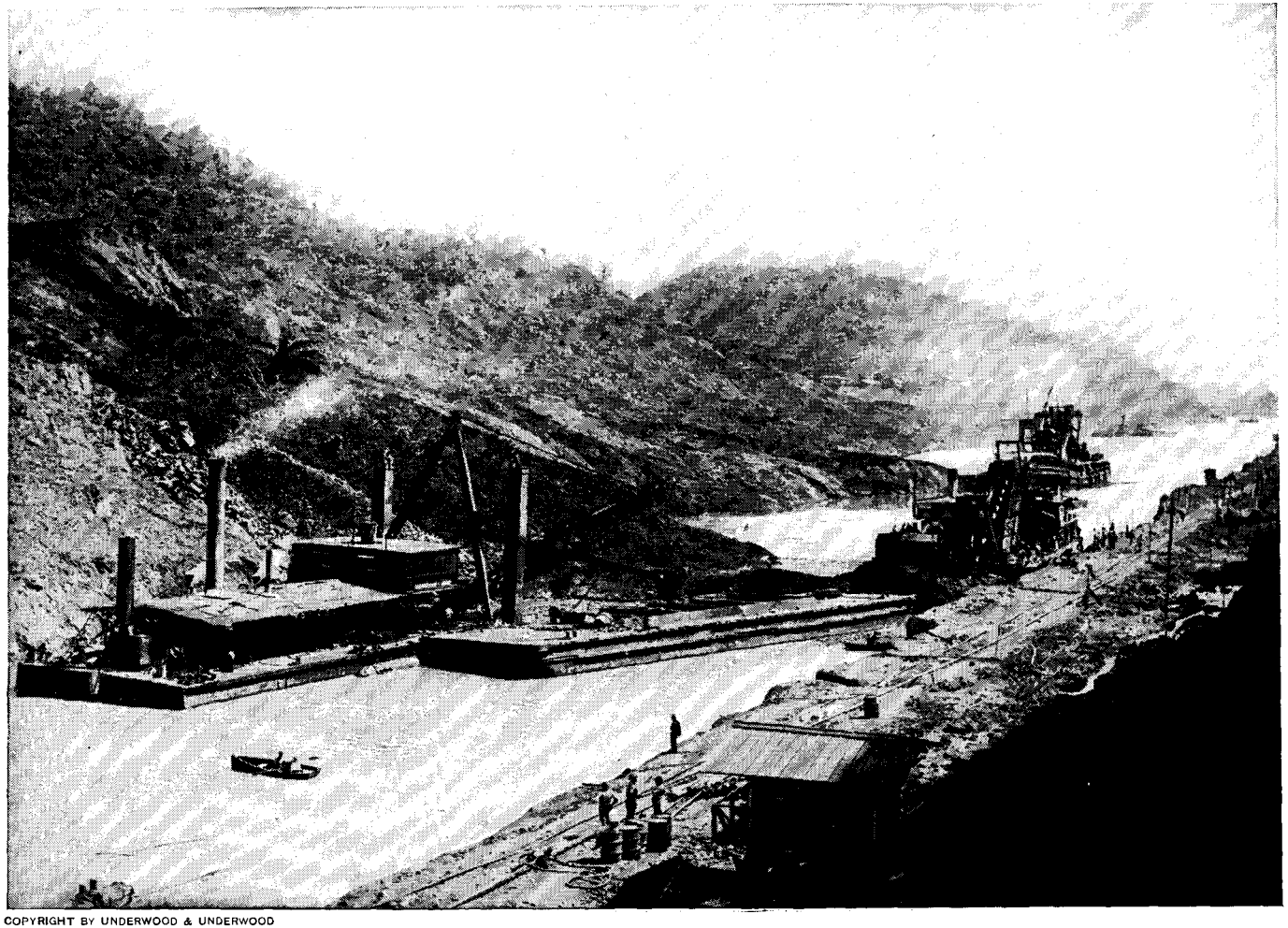

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REMOVING THE LAST OBSTRUCTION TO NAVIGATION ON THE PANAMA CANAL

Our illustration shows dredges from the Atlantic and Pacific about to meet through the débris of Cucuracha slide. This, the largest of the gravity slides, was the last barrier across the bed of the Canal to be broken. It came from the east bank, not far from the deepest part of the Culebra Cut. The photograph was taken December 10

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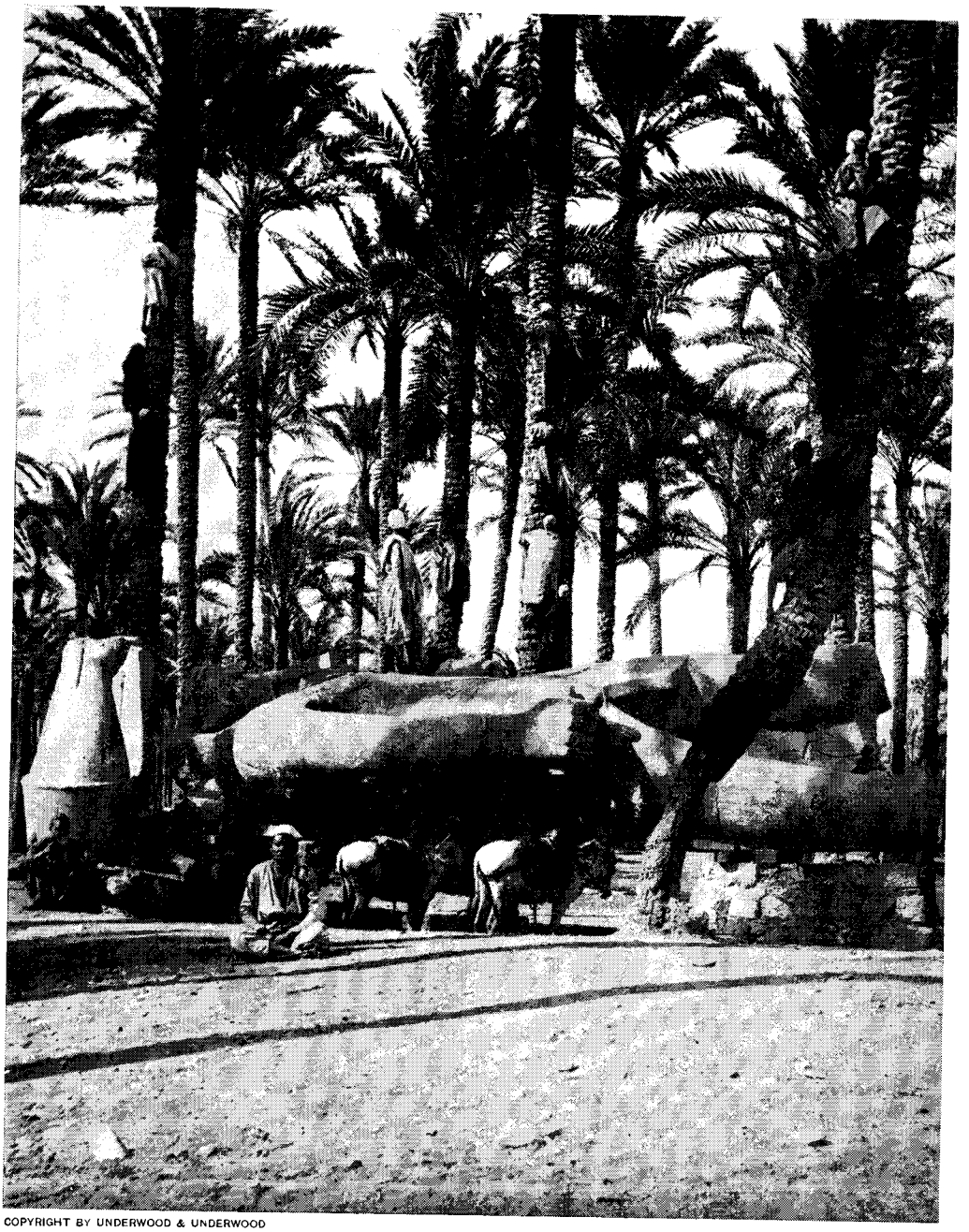

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MOVING A HUGE STATUE IN EGYPT

This great statue of Rameses II, which has been lying in a palm grove at Bedrashin, is to be erected in the center of a new square near the railway station in Cairo. The statue weighs over 100 tons, and special tracks and bridges must be built to sustain its weight in order to bring it to its new resting-place

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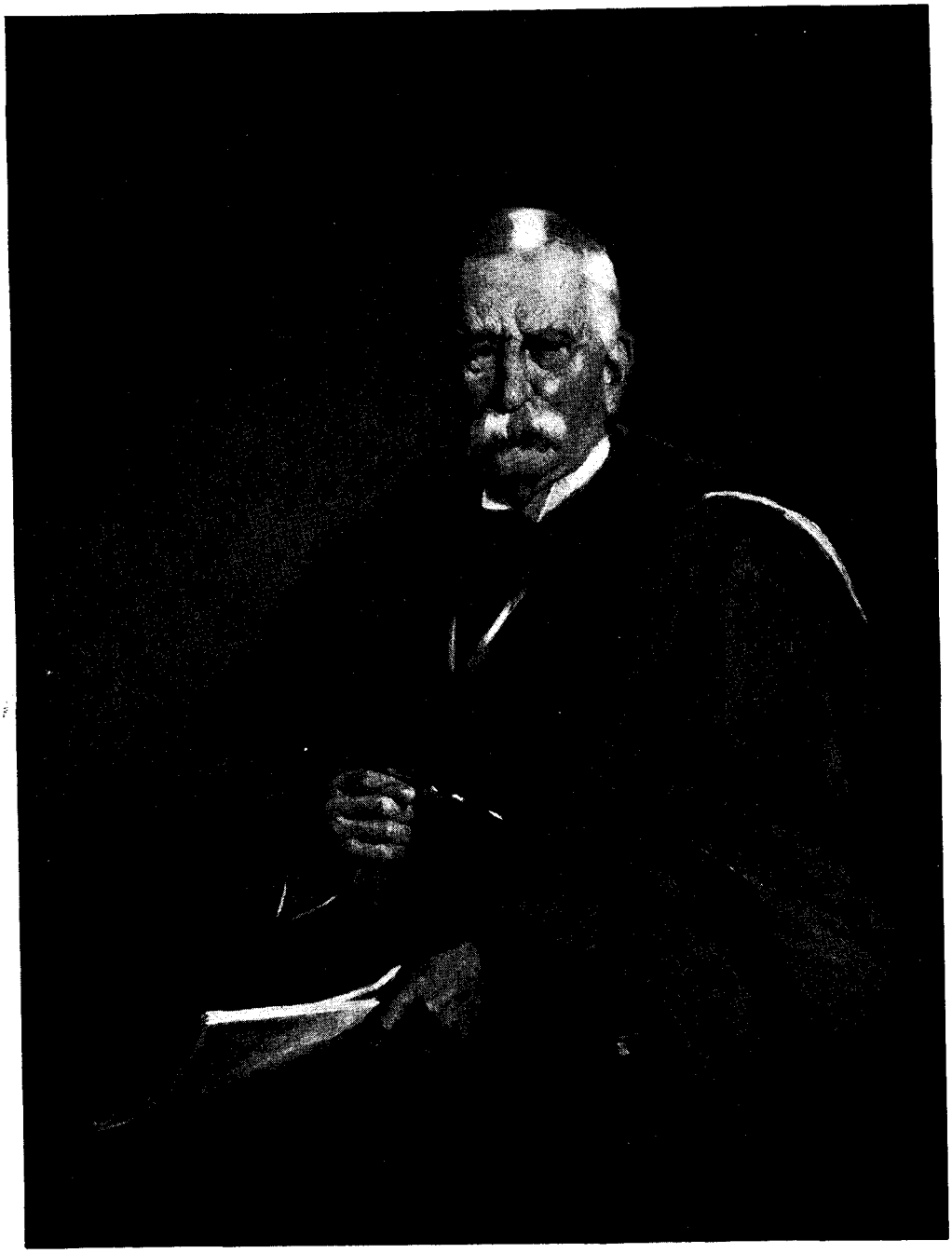

PAINTING BY SAMUEL J. WOOLF

GEORGE LANDON INGRAHAM

Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court

This portrait of **Judge** Ingraham was presented to the Court by the twenty-two graduates of the Class **of** 1869, Columbia Law School. See article elsewhere

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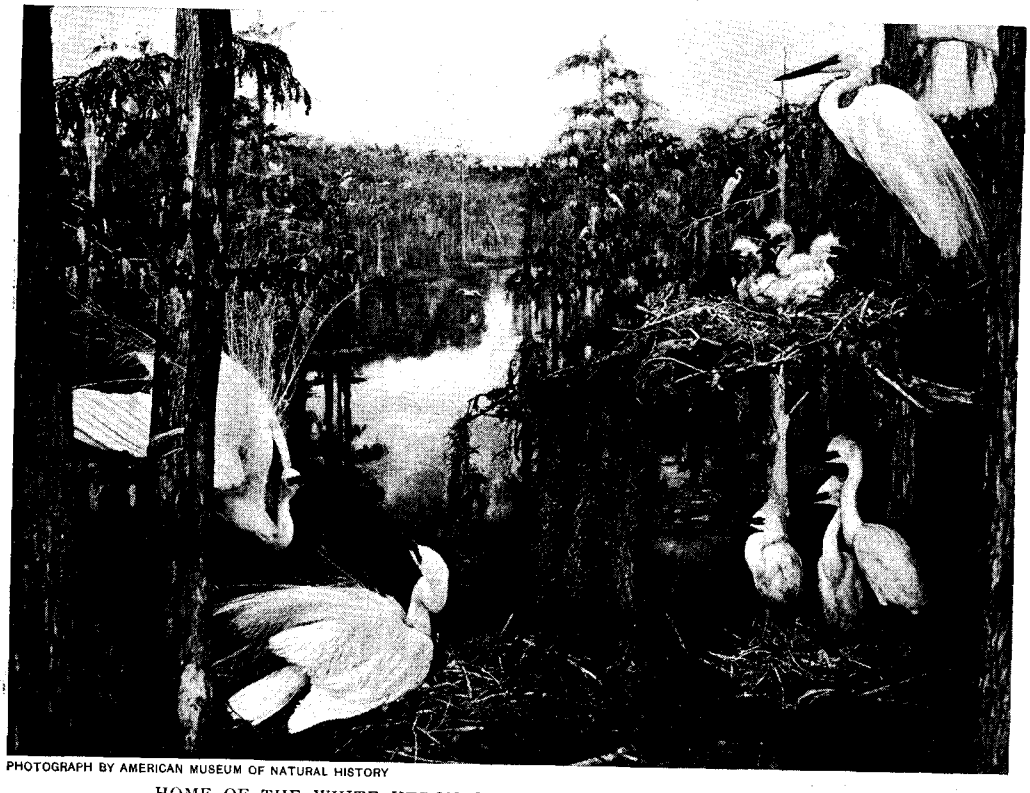
IN THE WICHITA NATIONAL GAME PRESERVE, OKLAHOMA



PHOTOGRAPH BY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

HOME OF THE WHITE HERON OR EGRET, AS REPRESENTED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

BIRD REFUGES IN THE SOUTH

These refuges, which have been established in several Southern States, are likely to save many of our rarer birds from extinction. In one of the refuges, established by Mr. Edward A. McIlhenny on Avery Island, Louisiana, snowy herons, American egrets, little blue herons, little green herons, and several species of bitterns, to the number of between fifty and eighty thousand, now find a safe haven and are rapidly increasing

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do not know when or where I have seen a face and form more pleasing to the eye. I would call her the Mother of Graciousness and the Sister of Heavenly Love. As the chief Lady of the United States she is an ornament to her sex, and a glory to womankind the world over. I wish the illustrious and sacred Empress Dowager could know Mrs. Cleveland and the Czarina.

This brings us to Li Hung-chang in his character of what the Germans call a *Weltmensch*—a world-man. He had already passed threescore years and ten before he became one. Up to that time he was a Chinaman pure and simple. But from the moment when for the first time he went to Japan to arrange peace terms, and then some years later took his famous round-the-world trip, he became a man to be reckoned with in any and every country that he visited. His judgments are worth quoting. For instance, he thus describes Germany:

From all that I have seen I am more than ever convinced that the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck meant what they said when they averred that the German Empire was destined to become a dominant factor in Europe. I am wonderfully impressed with the way this nation seems to be working as a unit. The army is on a business basis, the navy is on a business basis, and the whole machinery of government works smoother than our best Canton timepieces. . . .

There are great ship-yards here, and Germany intends to build all her navy for all time at home.

I could wish for nothing better than that China should build her own fleet, and have every man and officer in it a true son of the Middle Kingdom; but our people are not sailors, except upon the rivers, and they do not know how to handle machinery. But they will learn in time, I hope.

Anyway, when I return, I shall make it my duty to urge advancement in all Western arts and crafts. We have our beautiful literature, far and away ahead of that of the Western nations; but they have the money and the guns.

Li's judgments were not only keen, they were also often original, as this description of the French country and people shows:

La Belle France, they call this country: the beautiful France, I am told it means, and I am ready to agree with the sentiment. Indeed, from my observations I will go still further, and call it Happy and Beautiful and Gracious France, for in all my travels no hours have been so pleasing to me as those which I have spent in this delightful land.

Perhaps there is a sense of patriotism in this thought, for I must confess that much of the country between Metz and Paris is considerably like that of Kuangtung and Kuangsu provinces. Of course there is a vast difference in the houses and fences, and the people are not at all alike; but the panorama from the train for miles and miles was of the more lovely portions of Central and South China . . .

They are so different from the Russians and the Germans—I mean the masses. Russian crowds seem to have no enthusiasm. There is respect and awe of a dull kind in their faces, and a sort of hopelessness that they seem to be afraid to give expression to. With the Germans there is enthusiasm, but it is of a hard, matter-of-fact kind—the life of business or science, perhaps.

But the French, as I have said, are so different. The faces of the crowds, even of the little boys and girls, seem to be those of a people who are living a life of earnest joy, as if they knew there was much good pleasure in life, and intended to get it out without making too hard a job of it.

Or this of Philadelphia—it ought to please every Philadelphian:

If New York is the noisiest, most mind-distracting and elbow-rubbing place I ever saw, and Washington the most beautiful and open, . . . Philadelphia is one of the most smiling of cities.

Of course I mean the people, for I cannot say that the city has any sections which compare at all with the upper parts of New York, from Grant's Tomb and beyond; nor has it anything half so imposing in buildings or thoroughfares as the Capitol and Pennsylvania Avenue of Washington. The crowds are not as dense as they are in New York, nor as well dressed as those in Washington or Paris, but they are better-natured than any I have seen anywhere. Clean, nice-looking people, too, with smiles all over their faces, and cheers and "hellos" and other friendly greetings coming from their throats.

I think the place well named "City of Brotherly Love." But I am going to invent a new title—which I told the Mayor, and he said he would write it down—and call it the Place of a Million Smiles.

The Liberty Bell at Philadelphia inspired Li to write the following lines, which deserve quotation. Though, according to Chinese standards, the poem has an excellent meter and cadence, it is, we are told, extremely difficult of rendition in English, if attempt is made to follow the author's rather involved thought:

"To my eyes they did point out the symbol of Liberty,
And to my ears they did direct the sound.
It was only a sound of dong-dong,
And it came from an instrument of brass made by man.
The bell did not ring to my ears;
I could not hear the voice in my ears;
But in my heart its tones took hold,
And I learned that its brazen tongue
Even in silence told of struggles against wrong.

These good sons of America
Call the Liberty Bell ancient;
But I who come from the oldest of the lands,
A student of the philosophy of the ages,
Know that what this bell speaks

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Is of Heaven's wisdom,
Millions of centuries before the earth was born.

It repeats the heart-words of the gods;
It repeats, only repeats:
But let it do so to the end."

The man who apparently most appealed to the Chinese traveler was Gladstone, picturesquely contrasted as they were by many differing characteristics. Of the English Premier Li wrote:

If I could not be Li Hung-chang, I should next prefer to be the Prime Minister of England. It is true I should not want to have his ailments, and I presume he would not like to possess my rheumatism and heart troubles; but Mr. Gladstone made a deep impression upon me during the few hours I was at his home. He appeared to me as a man not only of great mentality but of wonderful strength of will and courage of conviction. His face looked to me more honest than any other I had seen in all Europe, and I believe if such a man as he were at the head of England's affairs no great wrong would ever be done by that Government.

But the man who *had* most appealed to Li was doubtless General Grant. The Grand Secretary thus described his impressions as he stood at Grant's Tomb:

I cannot shed tears as some people do—there are those who shed them when they break the shell of a painted egg—but my heart was full of bitter sadness and sweet memory when I stood beside the tomb of my glorious departed friend, General Grant. Of course I was in a manner happy to think and know that I could stand at his holy grave and speak to him in the Other Land of Blissful Longevity.

It is at the grave of the departed that one's words are of most effect. The spirits linger there to listen, and when the distressed friend comes and speaks, his words are caught up and carried to the Sacred Hollow. . . .

And so I told the spirit of my departed and illustrious friend that I had come all the way from distant China to look upon his tomb as I had looked upon his face so many years ago. . . .

I could not have returned satisfied to China had I left this sweet and flower-scented duty unperformed. I offered sweet incense and holy flowers to his spirit. I placed a booklet of prayers at his head, and I asked his blessed spirit to think of me always, and to give me welcome to the Land of Sunshine and Golden Hours. This done, I am filled with an ocean of peace and content, just as when, at the grave of my illustrious and most holy mother, I find joy of the heart and incense of the mind.

Grim days were coming to China—the Boxer Rebellion. How would Li meet the new crisis? Fortunately by this time he had emancipated himself from his anti-foreign prejudices in general and from any anti-American prejudices in particular. "I tremble to think of what might have been China's fate," he wrote, "but for the stand taken by the American Government."

After the Boxer Rebellion Li's task was nothing more or less than the restoration of China in his long-drawn-out negotiations with the representatives of the ten foreign Powers directly interested. Thus his crowning achievement for his country was won in his seventy-ninth year. We are proud to think that an American Secretary of State—John Hay—was successful in inducing the Powers to consent to Li's efforts to preserve his country's territorial, administrative, and commercial integrity.

As a private citizen Li's shrewd cynicism was quite awake to the social customs of the Chinese. Even of his own father he wrote:

I suppose that when he was the husband of one wife he thought he would be happy with two; but when the second was there, it appeared his idea of happiness called for another.

And of himself he wrote:

I had a lesser wife once, who, before she came to my house, was the personification of meekness and lovability. I almost began to believe, before marriage, that she was too mild in mind to be really human; but in six weeks she began to make my tea bitter, and to treat me as if I were the tail instead of the head of that establishment. I paid her twenty shoes of silver [perhaps about $300] and sent her away.

This recalls some of the questions of a reporter in New York. He wanted to know how many wives I had, and, after I told him I had as many as I needed, he was impertinent enough to ask how many I needed. The question did not please me, but I did not let him know it, for that would have been a satisfaction to him which I did not wish to give. And so I asked, "How many wives have you?" He answered, quickly, "None." "Good," I said; "you look as if you might be able to take care of just that number."

As will be seen from the above, Li's style of writing is fairly fascinating. It has an Oriental, exotic color. But it is also characterized by such frank and vigorous expression that we are doubly impressed. It is, however, when Li writes most intimately that his style is most appealing, and he writes nowhere more intimately than of his mother. He was in Germany on the anniversary of her death. He says:

This day I shall seclude myself from all callers in order that I may devote myself to thoughts of my celestial mother, who died fourteen years ago this day, and who for that long time has been thinking of my coming to the Peaceful Sunlight of the Nine Springs. With all the incidents of my life, its trials and lamentations, its moments of joy and pride, with each

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and every affair of life, I cannot forget my celestial mother and all she was and is to me.

My father died many years before my mother, and his grave is great and hallowed. Many hundreds of times did my mother bless it and ask my father's spirit to hurry the time when her own might join his in the Happy Veil of Ancestral Longevity. My mother could never think of taking her own life. It is thought great and glorious to do such a thing by many of the ignorant—and many of the intellectual too—but my father's beloved helpmate could never think it was right, nor that it pleased the spirits of the gone-before.

Such a volume, despite its unfortunate lack of an index, will be a treasury to the student of history. Its self-revelation makes it equally valuable to the student of character, and it will do much to remove unjust prejudices among Americans against the Chinese. When one finds, as the fair-minded reader most certainly does in this remarkable biography, that China produced one of the greatest personalities and statesmen of the nineteenth century, he naturally revises his estimate of the alleged "yawning gulf" that separates Oriental from Occidental civilization.

POET AND FOLK

BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

The Poet:

I was the trumpet that took you to war,
I was the glamour in clattering mail,
I was the pennon you fluttered from lances,
I was your thirst for the death-dealing hail.

The Folk:

Yea, we started like a tempest
When the loud-tongued thunder calls,
And you watched us storming deathward
Through red fire-riven walls.
Rank on rank we rose and perished,
Host on host we hoped and died.
Yours the voice that called to battle,
Ours the hearts you crucified.

The Poet:

Low and grass-grown were the windrows
Where your sleeping legions lay.
Sunken in a sea of clover,
There I lingered out the day,
Till a spray of blossoms tossing
Beckoned me to point the way.
Once, I cried, I sang of battle,
Joy in death and clashing arms,—
And this rolling sward is answer
To the sound of my alarms.
Life is only youth and roses—
Seek and find them where you may!
Mark this field of fairy beauty
Sprung from your forgotten clay!

The Folk:

Halting and weary we stumbled on, stumbled on,
Led by your luring through thicket and thorn.

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Faded, the rose petals fell from our fingers
Hope in our hearts was a vision still-born!

The Poet:

Up from your valleys I fled to the mountains,
Fashioned an altar of ice and of snow,
Worshiped a God as cold as my temple,
Scorning the battle and beauty below.
Ever the sunshine that walled me in crystal,
Ever the star beams that stabbed through the dark
Found me a figure of motionless marble
Carved at devotions, all pallid and stark.
Voiceless I waited, and wondered, and pondered,
Lingered alone with the dreams I had lost;
Lo, when I prayed then, aloud for my people—
Out of my mouth went a wafer of frost!

The Folk:

There in the valley we waited your coming,
Songless we labored and longed for the light,
While the warm blood that throbbed in our bodies
Deadened your call tinkling down from the height.

The Poet:

Oh, my people, once I stirred you
Out of sloth to instant flame:
Then the rose-strewn path I showed you
Lured you forth to sullen shame.
When I bade you follow, follow,
You have watched me from afar;
By what guidon shall I lead you—
Sword, or rose, or distant star?

The Folk:

You have strength to see the vision,
You have words that burn like fire;
We are halt, and blind, and stricken
With the weight of dumb desire.
There is little joy in battle
For the sake of clashing blade;
Roses are an empty trophy
When their warmth and color fade.
While you scaled the pass to heaven
You have left us here to die.
Is there neither joy nor battle
Near your temple in the sky?
Bring us down that starlit glory,
Make us see it like a rose,
Warm with more than earthly beauty,
Pure as are the deathless snows.
We will storm the path you followed,
Host on host all unafraid.
Dare you sound your silver trumpet
For the long crusade?

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PRISON LIFE

BY A CONVICT

UNDER circumstances which have no bearing upon this article, I committed a deliberate crime against property, for which society, through its judicial mouthpiece, sentenced me to undergo a term of imprisonment in the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. On this score I have no complaint to make. My punishment was deserved, and I consider that the sentence inflicted upon me was light and merciful.

A few days before I sat down to write this I completed my term of imprisonment, and I am now trying to appreciate what it all means. What was the object of imprisoning me? Am I any better for my experience? If so, to what is the improvement due? What does society expect to effect by its treatment of criminals, first offenders in particular, as exemplified in my case?

I left the Penitentiary with no personal ill-feeling. My treatment was no better and no worse than that of others. Like them, I was in the hands of the system.

Nothing can ever remove the mental scars left by the first few days of my experience. I was barked and snarled at by some keepers, thrown violently against the wall by others for unwittingly breaking rules the very existence of which I had no knowledge, and no means of learning otherwise than by breaking them. Whenever I infringed upon the routine of the prison I was abused, sometimes in filthy and abominable language, by keepers or by prisoners in a position of *quasi* authority, because I did not know what I was expected to do, until I felt dazed and broken and almost convinced that I was the dangerous animal they apparently assumed me to be.

Later experience taught me that this is the invariable practice with the newcomer. For the first few days he is closely watched and intimidated to crush his spirit and drive out all thoughts of resistance. As no instruction as to the prison rules and regulations is furnished (save a card of fourteen rules found in every cell, which does not pertain to most of the daily routine), it is an easy matter to find many opportunities to find fault with the newcomer. It is only fair, however, to add that he is seldom or never officially punished for those infractions. But he does not know this, and accepts the threats of dark cells at their face value and lives for hours in a fear that is even more severe in its effects than the punishment itself could be.

This practice of "breaking in a new man" had its logical effect, and by the time I was secured for the night I had a very lively conviction of the fact that I was henceforth a pariah and an outcast. I tried to review the situation dispassionately. I did not believe I was altogether depraved. I knew I was not dangerous. I had gone to prison after pleading guilty to the crime with which I was charged, with an earnest determination to reform, to prove by good conduct that I intended to do so, and to use the time for introspection and self-analysis, with a view to eliminating that part of my make-up which had led me to this. My first few hours in prison effectually drove all those good resolutions from my mind, and I was left with a knowledge, driven home by plain words and forcible deeds, that I was no longer a man. I was prejudged a dangerous, vicious rule-breaker; I was now in my right place at last; I had no rights of any kind; and I might as well give up all hope for the future. The result of this was precisely what might have been expected. I passed the first night in my cell in bitter indignation that I should be subjected to such treatment before I had been given a chance to prove my desire to live up to the rules, and a hatred for society, which permitted even the worst of criminals to be so unjustly treated. This bitter feeling quite eclipsed any good resolutions, and remained in my mind for several months, gradually becoming stronger as I brooded over the hopelessness and helplessness of my position. I would inevitably have returned to the world with this hatred fixed and intensified had it not been for hope and help which reached me at a later date from quite extraneous sources.

It is a difficult task to enable my fellowmen to understand the bitter, hopeless feeling which the penitentiary system implants in the breasts of its victims. It is present in every prisoner's mind, and never varies in nature—only in degree. It is a "what's the use?" attitude—a *cui bono?* feeling, based

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on the knowledge that nothing he can do will save him from punishment if he is brought up on charges; that his previous good conduct or present innocence will alike avail him nothing; that punishment or evasion of it is alike a pure matter of chance.

I met only two men who were unwilling to admit the justice of their imprisonment, and I never heard a real complaint against any disciplinary measures. But I frequently heard from others, and never lost myself, a steadfast, passionless resentment at the impossibility of getting a square deal; at the uselessness of making any complaint, however well founded; at the vanity of making any request which might tend to improve a prisoner's mind, help his body, ameliorate his position, or aid his prospects; at the certainty that any charge brought against him by a keeper meant immediate punishment; while an awful sense of utter helplessness under this régime made the place a hell.

It is the presence of this feeling that formulates in the prisoner's mind a bitter enmity against society and that leads to the inception of many crimes. It is the presence of this feeling that does and must render useless every effort to reform a prisoner suffering under the mediæval system of treatment in vogue at Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. You cannot help a man who knows you are not giving him a square deal.

Since my discharge I am asking myself the question, Why was I imprisoned at all? If the object was to protect society from further injury at my hands, as the Court assured me it was, why release me before any attempt had been made to discover whether I was less dangerous or more? Am I less likely to steal when I am turned loose with nothing in the world but five dollars and a suit of clothes than I was when I was earning a good salary? And what about the unfortunates who, to the number of five or ten *daily*, are turned loose upon the world after serving sentences up to a length of two and a half years, without a cent to buy a meal or a bed and with no clothes but the rags they came in?

Many times I have heard Jack ask Bill what he was going to do when he was discharged. Many times I have heard an answer to this effect:

"What kin I do, Jack? I come here in July, an' now I gotter go out in the snow an' hail wi' my summer clothes an' no money. I gotter eat an' sleep, an' it's a cinch I ain't goin' ter rob a poor-box. I'll hatter stick a bloke up fer the price, that's all."

What would *you* do in Bill's place? Or suppose you are the "bloke" he "holds up fer the price"?

If you capture a wildcat, keep it caged for a year or two, then liberate it without having tried to tame it, what will happen to your chickens when the wildcat feels hunger?

Perhaps I may be told that the object of my imprisonment was my reformation. Then how was this supposed to be accomplished? As far as society is concerned, no effort of any kind was made to this end; no inducement was held out, no encouragement offered. It is a positive fact that under the present system at Blackwell's Island Penitentiary the treatment of the criminal has for its ends only the safekeeping of his person and the saving of trouble to the officials. This inevitably leads to the only object which was really gained by imprisoning me—punishment. This, of course, was one of the objects aimed at, and rightfully so, but as matters are at present it is the *only* object attained.

There is no doubt that a great majority of first offenders could be made useful members of society if any organized, intelligent effort were made to reach them *soon after they arrive at the prison*, and to hold on to and encourage them afterwards. No such effort to reach men at any stage of their imprisonment or afterwards came to my notice; as a matter of fact, none such exists in connection with the Penitentiary. I say this while well aware of, and much indebted to, the representative of the Protestant Episcopal City Mission acting as chaplain at the Penitentiary. He is a good and true friend of the prisoners, by whom he is loved and appreciated, but the multiplicity of his other duties prevents him from doing any work along the lines I have indicated.

Perhaps the greatest penalty the educated prisoner encounters in the Penitentiary is the lack of any means of occupying his mind during the fifteen or sixteen hours he daily passes in his cell. Many a night I sat for hours brooding over my fate. What else could I do? I had no friends to send me any magazines to read, while the prison library—a good collection—is deprived of much of its usefulness by the fact that a prisoner is not allowed to select the books he wishes to read. He must take what is thrown into his cell twice a week, often

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getting a book he had read a week or two before, and more often a work he has read outside or which he does not want to read anyhow.

In time I procured means of occupying the evenings sensibly and profitably, but I was the only man in the Penitentiary to do so. This occupation filled the hours I had spent in morbid brooding and gave me something to strive for. But what of the spare time of the average prisoner? He may be anxious to improve his mind, to study. The means for doing so are in the library, but he cannot get them. All such requests were ignored by the officials. A man's brain must be occupied somehow, and I know, from what I have seen and heard, that much of this spare time is devoted to "framing up a job" to be carried out on release, and to other and worse practices which I do not care to mention here.

Why cannot a man be allowed to choose his reading? Why not help and encourage him to improve his mind? Why did the officials invariably refuse to allow any privileges of this kind? I know of cases in which men were curtly refused permission to learn shorthand; to learn Spanish; to write short stories and verse for the magazines; to take a correspondence course of instruction. In no case was the institution asked to go to any expense. Books and all necessary materials were to be provided by friends. Why are such privileges forbidden to Penitentiary prisoners while they are freely allowed to State's Prison inmates? Is there *any* reason for preventing a man from improving his mind save the arbitrary decision of the Penitentiary officials?

Physically, thanks to a strong constitution, I have not suffered much from my imprisonment. I hold myself fortunate that it is so, owing to the absolute impossibility of getting any kind of rational medical treatment under the present system. This is not the medical officer's fault. He does the best he can with the means at his disposal and the absurd rules under which he must receive men complaining of sickness.

Mentally I am worse and better than when I was sentenced. I am worse because of having lived for many months in an atmosphere of petty tyranny, under a system of injustice and repression; where every day was a day of fear lest I should unwittingly break a rule, or—which amounts to the same thing—be accused of breaking one. In such a case there is no hope for the prisoner; the charge is sufficient to entail punishment without opportunity to make a defense.

I am worse for having lived for months in a vermin-infested cell, lacking ventilation and sanitation, with quite inadequate time or facilities for bodily cleanliness. A man cannot be mentally clean and physically dirty, and the latter is compulsory in the Penitentiary as at present conducted.

I am worse for many hopeless and monotonous hours spent in my cell with no occupation for my mind.

I am worse for the belief, which endured for many months, that I was a pariah and an outcast. I am worse for the lack of all refining or helpful influences, and for the presence of low, brutal, and degrading influences which embittered me and made me a worse man.

If I am a better man for what I have gone through, it is in no sense attributable to the system. If I have returned to the world determined to make good, the credit is due to a few kindly and humane hearts, in no wise connected with the Penitentiary, who have offered me encouragement to take up the battle of life anew, who have taken me by the hand in a friendly grasp and assured me of their belief in me—a belief which is even now spurring me on to make good that I may justify this faith. It is to those friends that I owe the fact that the last few months of my imprisonment, however clouded with doubt they may have been, were never without the silver lining of hope, and it is to them alone that I owe whatever good my imprisonment may have effected.

Is not the whole procedure senseless? You declare a man an outcast and an enemy of society and send him to associate with his kind. You offer him no help to reform or improve himself—you obstruct his efforts to do so. You allow officials, well-meaning but ignorant, to handle him as they please. You turn him out in the world again penniless and hopeless; and when he falls again, you call him a habitual criminal and clamor for a longer term of imprisonment.

I grant that if a man is not cured by his first taste of imprisonment he probably never will be. But what do you do to help his cure?

What are you going to do about it?

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THANKFUL AMERICA

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

THE nineteenth century in America marked the era of what may be called the mythology of New Netherland. The speech of the settlers of the four Middle States, having died out from pulpit and forum, became unknown even to the writers of American history. All sorts of notions about the Dutch grew up and flourished like a crop of rank weeds.

Americans could read Motley and thrill. They admired the heroes who fought the Spaniards, but somehow, without the geographical distance that "lends enchantment to the view," the average citizen lacked enthusiasm for the equally heroic men and women of the same breed, spirit, and generation as the men whom Rembrandt and Wouverman painted. These people, who did not need to fly their country for conscience' sake, because they had already won freedom at home, braved the ocean in little ships, defied the Dunkirk pirates, and made the first homes in four of what are now States in the Union. They stamped their character ineffaceably on the Empire and Keystone States.

But the historic point of view is changing. One has only to consult recent American historiography to see this. Netherlands societies, East and West, now number a dozen. Professorships of the Dutch language and literature are established in our universities. The difference between, say, 1863 and 1913 is notable. No historian of our country can now afford to be ignorant, like his predecessors, of Dutch.

One proof of this change of view, as well as of American appreciation of the manifold debt of the American people to the "state without a throne," is seen in the erection by Americans in the Netherlands since 1891 of no fewer than thirteen historical tablets. Four of these were affixed and unveiled during the last days of September, 1913, and the prominent headline in many Dutch newspapers was "Dankbaar America."

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(grateful America). Middelburg, Zierikzee, The Hague, and Rotterdam were the cities favored. On the site of the first American Legation at The Hague one inscribed brass told of the enduring friendship between the two countries for over three centuries. Here, in 1782, John Adams was able to draw from the Dutch bankers the sum of $4,000,000 in gold and silver, when the assets of the Continental Congress consisted chiefly of a printing-press at Burlington, New Jersey, and heaps of worthless paper called money. Of this transformed rag pulp, $1,000, so called, might serve for one breakfast or pay for the currying of a horse. The Dutch guilders came to Newburgh, New York, in good season to settle the eighteen months' arrears of Washington's soldiers. Yorktown and glory would not fill stomachs or keep wives and children from starving. That "Dutch metal," deposited in a brick vault under Lafayette's fireplace—access to which could be had only by raking away the ashes—was the virtual beginning of the United States Treasury. In 1809, when paid back, principal and interest amounting to $14,000,000, the money was not sent across the sea, chiefly because of Napoleon's propensity to interpret in his own way the eighth commandment. So it was invested in the purchase of four million acres of wild land in western New York and Pennsylvania. Thus we reaped a double benefit from the "Willink loan" of 1782. On September 18, 1913, the dignitaries of the Government of Queen Wilhelmina and some Americans gathered in the vestibule of the new Government Printing Office on the Fluweelen Burgwal to unveil the handsome brass tablet, set on polished oak, reared by the Albany Institute and Historical and Art Society. Baron van Heckeren's address, in receiving for the Queen and Ministry the gift, was notable, clear, chaste, and appreciative. Not forgetting that this year marks the centennial of the restoration of the House of Orange, the Americans gave three cheers for Queen Wilhelmina.

When, on Sunday evening, September 21, another tablet, reared by "friends of the Reformed Church in America," was unveiled in the Scotch-English Church in Rotterdam, the orator of the evening thrilled the Americans present by recalling Holland's debt to America. Thorbecke, "the man of 1813," and "father of the Dutch Constitution." received his *first* political training in America, under Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams. All his life Thorbecke gladly acknowledged his debt, as does grateful Holland to-day. The tablet commemorated the care and oversight of the Classis of Amsterdam and the generous treatment by the people of Rotterdam accorded to immigrants to America. These range from the Pilgrim Fathers of 1620 and the Walloons of 1623 to the Russian Jews of 1913.

At Zierikzee, in Zeeland, on September 19, the settler of Delaware, Pieter Cornelis Plockhoy, was honored with a tablet richly inscribed and set in the Town Hall. The Netherlands Society of Philadelphia was the donor. Plockhoy interested Cromwell and Parliament, and wrote in English the book that led to the Brook Farm experiment. His colony of twenty-five families at Swanendael was financed by the city of Amsterdam in 1660. He raised the first voice in America against human slavery. In his industrial ideas he was called a "Socialist," but his plans of co-operation, central heating, lighting, cooking, etc., are now seen carried out in all our large hotels and apartment-houses. To say nothing of the comment on him by Professor Channing, of Harvard, in his recent "History of the United States," no fewer than ten books about Plockhoy have appeared in Europe within the last few years.

At Middelburg, on Sunday morning, September 21, a scene occurred which was in striking contrast to that of 1582, when Englishmen with a conscience fled from the fury of kings and state churchmen to "the land where religion [with printing also] was free for all men." At this place Robert Browne wrote those booklets—now worth more than diamonds—which declared each Christian church to be a republic in itself, and started a rill that has become an "ocean-river." City and provincial dignitaries were present to see unveiled on this Sunday morning a tablet presented by the Congregational Sunday-schools of the United States in honor of William the Silent and the founders of the modern Congregational order—Browne, Cartwright, and Harrison.

Six other cities within the area of the old Dutch Republic illustrate further "Dankbaar America" and commemorate points of contact between Dutch and American history. Two recall that the Pilgrim Fathers entered Amsterdam and sailed from Rotterdam, of which Delfthaven is now a part. Their own gladly confessed words of indebtedness to the Neth-

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erlands for shelter and reinforcement adorn the tablets, each of which bears six seals in medallions of States, cities, or societies—symbolism adding richness to the text. In Leyden, in the Kloksteeg (Bell Alley), off the Broadway, fronting the old home of the Pilgrims, are two more tablets, one of stone and one of bronze. The Congregational Clubs of Boston and Chicago and the National Congregational Council reared these memorials.

At Leeuwarden, where Rembrandt found his Saskia and John Adams secured his first vote of recognition, may be seen in the Legislative Hall a "Memorial of Gratitude" from the De Witt Historical Society of Ithaca, New York, which expresses the feelings of millions of Americans who know their country's history. At Nijkerk, in Gelderland, the seven thousand or more of American van Rensselaers will find in the church an enduring tribute to Arendt van Corler, pioneer settler in the Mohawk Valley, founder of Schenectady and of the peace policy with the Iroquois. To-day the Indians of Canada and the United States know the Governor of the Empire State as "Corlaer," and King George V as the "Great Corlaer." A potent factor during one hundred and fifty years in securing North America for Anglo-Saxon ideas and institutions was the friendship of the old Iroquois, secured by Van Corler. The Historical Society of the city he founded reared the memorial.

At Leyden the famous editor Jean Luzac, friend of Washington and the United States from 1775 to 1783, is remembered in enduring bronze by the Netherlands Society of Philadelphia, while at Zwolle our still greater champion, van der Capellen, is likewise honored by the Holland Society of New York. Finally, at Utrecht, in the aula of the famous university, is the greeting "to the mother of our dear mother" (*Alma Mater Nostræ Almæ Matris*) from Rutgers College. The school "on the banks of the old Raritan" is the child of the older one on the Rhine. Probably no other American institution of learning has so close a relation and so clear an ancestral bond with Europe. The two colleges have the same motto, "Sun of [divine] justice, shine on us," except that the New Jersey college adds "*et Occidentem*" (also on the West) to the ancestral prayer.

So it has come to pass that the American of to-day, in the old land of art and culture and the political precedents of federal government, may now see much to recall the past. He may realize how large was the factor and how many the influences of the Dutch Republic in the making of the United States. Nor need his patriotism or his political convictions be in the least jarred by confessing what the critical historians declare—that in the Netherlands the modern kingdom over which Wilhelmina rules so gracefully fulfills the hopes of the old republic.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator had seen only sky and water for seven days. Perhaps that is why he had a sudden accession of curiosity when an especially clear day made it possible to pass closer than usual to the Isles of Scilly—the first land sighted when nearing England from across the western seas. Low-lying brown rocks—that is all they seem, the two hundred or more small islands, which look like ragged brush-strokes drawn on a far gray horizon.

It came to the Spectator with all the force of a discovery that five of these islands were the habitation of men. From his point of vantage on the deck he could see houses, trees, a church spire, and white-sailed boats busily threading the inland waters between the islands, all the activity of the world in little, and he recalled what he had heard of the flower farms, where daffodils and hyacinths bloomed from December to May to furnish forth the booths of Covent Garden. This was a planless trip, a gauntlet thrown to Fate to see what chance would bring. Why not write *Whim* on his stateroom door and go to Scilly?

It was an easy matter to disembark at Plymouth, and to take an amiable loitering train which finally came to rest in Penzance (of Gilbertian memory), whence, after a night of dreamless sleep such as an overtired man had not known for months, the Spectator embarked for the Scillys—the mysterious

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islands of the western sea. Let the reader take the voyage for granted—for the smiling stretch of water between the Land's End and the Isles of Scilly is as nasty a bit as any to be found off England's coast—and consider the Spectator settled in the haven of the high-backed settle at Tregarthen's Inn. This settle, now black with age, has inscribed upon it the name of Sir Walter Besant, who sat there and smoked and gossiped after many a hard day's work on "Armorel of Lyonesse," which he wrote during a long holiday in the isles. Old Captain Tregarthen was alive then—it was in the eighties—and there was brave talk until far into the night: stories of shipwreck, of rescue, of rich salvage, and of hair-breadth escapes from the dogs of Scilly. There was gossip of the town and some grumbling against the lord proprietor, for the most contented tenant must gird at his landlord now and then. Politics in the larger sense simply did not exist, and the news of the world by the time it reached St. Mary's was stale and altogether negligible. There is now no host, for the old Captain has made his last port long since, and *Mrs. Bowser, Manageress*, seems to exist only on the letterhead and in the smooth-moving comfort of the house. But there is still good talk at Tregarthen's, and the Spectator, seated in Sir Walter's corner, learned much of the intense yet peaceful life of this tiny brown island world.

The Spectator had looked to find merely some rather barren islands peopled by quaint but simple fisher-folk, and made picturesque for a few months by the fields of serried ranks of spring blooms. Instead he found an ancient land with visible remains of one of the earliest civilizations known to scholars; with a subsequent history that is fascinating alike to the romanticist and the student of political economy, and a community having a political status that is unique.

Learned historians have proved many things about Scilly's past, only to have other and equally learned historians disprove them as conclusively. Parson Troutbeck and Dr. Borlase, the Rev. Mr. North and Mr. Courtney, M.P., have all written histories and guides, and all disagree on most questions of fact. The Spectator, torn by conflicting opinions, finally abandoned the war of printed works to reconstruct the story of the little island by the pleasant standard of plausibility and innate appropriateness. Stand upon St. Martin's Head and look off eastward towards the Land's End and picture to yourself the fair plain of Lyonesse, which once stretched away as far as the eye could see. Ancient writers (who must have known) tell us that it was a goodly land and fair, and more was the pity when in a great tempest and earthquake the sea broke over and submerged this land with its one hundred and forty villages and their one hundred and forty churches. Only the Seven Stones Reef, the Scilly Islands, and the Wolf Rock stood out above the raging waters. A niggardly historian was he who later reduced the number of the villages to forty; and surely a churlish fellow was he who first doubted the evidence of one Thomas Stideford, of St. Mary's, a fisherman, who pulled up a door and window near the Seven Stones; it is even asserted that these objects, being sound specimens of modern make, were more in the nature of salvage than of historical proof.

The Roman occupation is a little better authenticated—the Romans were always so thoughtful in leaving coins and potteries and bits of masonry about to prove to succeeding generations that one of them came, saw, conquered, and civilized. This Roman, alas! went away again, leaving these islands as he left the larger one, of which they seem broken-off fragments, to be the prey of fierce and fair-haired harriers from the north, the pirates who made Scilly a point of departure for their raids upon the Cornish coast and up the Bristol Channel. The coming of Æthelstan, who ousted these marauders, the granting of the islands to an unattached order of monks who maintained their independence for a century or more, their subjection to the Abbot of Tavistock, their harrying at the hands of pirates from the Continent—all make fascinating reading for the latter-day visitor, if hard living for the Scillonians.

In the time of Elizabeth the strategical value of the Scillys was seen and St. Mary's was fortified. Gleams of prosperity there were at different times when all the island folk worked at the kelp industry, again during the palmy days of smuggling—gone, alas! too soon—and yet again when for a time the pilots of Scilly were in demand to guide the great merchantmen up-channel. But each

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industry in turn suffered from progress made elsewhere. The Channel Islands underbid them in transporting some of their products. An unsympathetic Government drew a tighter rein upon the smuggling. The introduction of steam made the piloting less essential. Altogether, the early years of the nineteenth century saw these islands in bad case. A wretched economic system kept the people poor, and ambition died altogether. Everything was tried—fisheries, ship-building, raising of potatoes—but each in turn failed, for reasons not far to seek by the economist of to-day.

From private hands the islands passed finally to the ownership of the Crown, and during the time of William IV earnest if unenlightened efforts were made to better the condition of the isles, mostly with no result. But one fine day along came an enthusiast, a dreamer, a theorist, and found a laboratory ready to his hand. Mr. Augustus Smith had been a Manchester cotton-spinner, had risen from the ranks, and, waxing great and rich in this world's goods, had become Member of Parliament for Truro. Always an ardent student of economics, he saw in the Scilly Islands an opportunity unexcelled to experiment in the theories he had studied in books. He leased the islands from the Crown and became the first Lord Proprietor, a feudal ruler set in modern times. Mr. Smith has long since gone to his reward, but, as the Spectator journeyed about the islands, everywhere was seen the touch of his hand. The older folk all remembered him well, and gave him his meed of praise or blame according to individual temper or intelligence. No easy task was undertaken by this sanguine student of the natural laws that govern the prosperity or failure of groups of men. His reorganization and government of the islands was undoubtedly autocratic, even drastic at times, but the consequent prosperity was as evident. How he consolidated the tiny subdivided farms into respectable holdings; how he first educated and then sent away to the mainland the superfluous sons and even daughters of the farmers, how he encouraged ship-building, systematized piloting, tried crop after crop; how he failed and how he succeeded, is an interesting story that may some day be told as it deserves. The kindly, autocratic lord proprietor made many experiments before he hit upon the solution, but now for thirty years or more the islands have been prosperous, holding the palm for the early production of the daffodils, tulips, and hyacinths that London requires to brighten its drawing-rooms during the dark days of winter gloom.

All this, and more, the Spectator learned from his talks with the island folks, during rambles over the length and breadth of the largest island, St. Mary's (the extreme length being one and one-half miles and the greatest breadth one mile); during many day-long sails among the outer islands; during a memorable trip to the Bishop lighthouse, that westernmost outpost of warning to the mariner, founded upon a submerged rock forty-five miles from the mainland, whose inhabitants are sometimes cut off from visitors for three months at a time by winter storms.

There was Peninis to be visited, the wonderful headland of rocks water-worn into weirdest shapes; Hell Bay, where in storm the ocean is seen at its grandest; Tresco, its tropical gardens and tragic collection of wooden figureheads salvaged from the noble ships which ended their careers on the dreaded fangs of Scilly; Bryher, rich in Druidical circles and barrows; St. Agnes, isle of mystery; Menavawes, haunt of waterfowl; Annet, brilliant with sea-pink in May and June, the breeding-place of puffins, razorbills, guillemots, gulls, cormorants; there were Mincarlo, Illieswilzie, and many more of the islands to be explored. The Spectator saw himself spending a long lifetime in the pleasant task, becoming antiquary, botanist, historian, ornithologist, painter, or teller of tales, till he awoke with a start to find that he must take the next boat to catch his steamer, and wondered whether it would be the Lyonesse or the Lady of the Isles.

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THE NEW BOOKS

WOMAN IN SCIENCE[1]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Dr. Mozans is not only an erudite student versed in scientific and what would formerly have been called "humanistic" studies, but an explorer and traveler of note. Moreover, he is a man to whom nothing human is alien, who loves the life of the past and the life of the present, and whose sympathies are keen for every good cause.

The present book is emphatically timely, dealing as it does with the right of woman to the opportunity to develop her life precisely as the man has the right to develop his. The movement to give to woman this right has strengthened until now in the countries of advanced civilization it is on the point of victory. This book is a storehouse of facts and arguments for all who in this struggle take the side of reason and justice. It deals with woman's long struggle for the things of the mind, and in chapter after chapter discusses what women have already accomplished in scientific pursuits, in mathematics, medicine and surgery, in the natural sciences—in short, in every department of that laborious intellectual activity for which it has been the foolish fashion to insist on woman's special unfitness.

Most of the so-called arguments against giving woman the chance which is given to the lowest men are in essence identical with the arguments formerly used by the favored classes among men against giving equality of opportunity to the majority of male mankind who were below them. Unfortunately the enfranchised man usually takes some time before he realizes that the woman, his helpmate, cannot justly be denied the rights which it were injustice for him not to receive.

The opponents of giving to woman her rights of course vary widely in nature. Some of them are made opponents chiefly by the excesses of foolish or immoral advocates of the movement among the women themselves. Every such movement, every democratic movement or movement for social or industrial reform, must have its leaders and its martyrs, and unfortunately every such movement also develops a few fools and a few knaves, who give an alloy of base metal to the pure gold of the leadership and the martyrdom. There are foolish women and women who are worse than foolish who in advocating justice to woman seek to release her from her physical obligations to humanity and her moral obligations to society. Advocates of this type who demand that woman shall cease doing her prime duty as wife and mother, as the bearer and rearer of children, are not only foolish but wicked. They stand on an exact level with the criminal demagogue who in the name of democracy and of the rights of labor preaches murder and demands for mankind freedom from the stern law which insists that the race can rise only through the individuals who do not shirk hard work or slip backward from the laws of morality. The first type of wickedness and folly is akin to the second; the woman who preaches the first type of doctrine is no worse and no better than the man who preaches the second; each is an unworthy champion of the cause, each furnishes arguments for the opponents of the cause.

But neither is really important, save as showing that when people have been oppressed and are given their freedom there is always some danger of the freedom being abused, and this without regard to whether they are men or women. When the reforms have been accomplished and the period of excitement has passed, there is no more reason for believing that woman will shirk her duties because she has acquired rights than for believing that the average man in a democracy will be less dutiful than the average man in a despotism. The argument both from theory and experience is identical in the two cases.

It is impossible to give even an abstract of the mass of interesting facts accumulated by Dr. Mozans. There is hardly a famous name among the women of scientific learning upon which he does not touch with sympathetic understanding. He understands them all, from Hypatia, the beloved friend of that wonderful old Christian bishop and Neoplatonist philosopher Synesius of Libya, to the women of our own time who have done such varied work in archæology, in natural science, as inventors, and in medicine and surgery. Incidentally he points out that one of the most noted physicists of the eighteenth century, a friend of Voltaire, a professor in the University of Bologna, Laura Bassi, was the mother of twelve children. She never per-

[1] Woman in Science. By H. J. Mozans, A.M., Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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mitted her extraordinary scientific and literary work to conflict with her domestic duties, or to detract in the least from the deep affection which united her to her husband and children. The same lesson is taught by her contemporary of a very different type, the Empress Maria Theresa. She was an exemplary wife and the mother of many children. These were born and brought up during the very years when their Empress-mother rescued Austria from destruction and faced trials greater than any of her contemporary sovereigns save only her great antagonist Frederick.

It is worth while mentioning, by the way, that the only eighteenth-century sovereign who approached the great Frederick in masterful ability was also a woman, Catharine of Russia. Even crusted conservatives speak of Catharine and Maria Theresa as great sovereigns, just as they all admit that among the sovereigns born to the throne of England during the last four centuries the greatest was the woman Elizabeth. They not merely admit, but insist, that Elizabeth and Catharine and Maria Theresa bore the greatest state burdens as well as any man could have borne them. Yet they see nothing incongruous in taking the position that if these women had happened to stand two or three degrees lower in the social hierarchy they would have been wholly unfit to sit beside some hard-drinking, sodden predecessor of Squire Weston in the British Parliament, or rank with some dull Hungarian or Russian magnate whose whole worth to his country depended upon the alacrity with which he obeyed the orders of the imperious woman who was his sovereign.

The progress of woman, or, in other words, the progress of man in helping himself by doing justice to the woman who labors beside him, has been more rapid in some countries than in others, and at some times than at others. Italy has borne an honorable distinction in the advance, standing far above France, England, and Germany, and, for the matter of that, beyond the United States until very recent times. Five centuries ago that very remarkable woman Christine de Pizan (whose learning was so wide that it included the ability to write a standard military text-book) spoke as follows:

> I say to thee again, and doubt never the contrary, that if it were the custom to put the little maidens to the school, and they were made to learn the sciences as they do to the men-children, that they should learn as perfectly, and they should be as well entered into the subtleties of all the arts and sciences as men be. And peradventure, there should be more of them, for I have teached heretofore that by how much women have the body more soft than the men have, and less able to do divers things, by so much they have the understanding more sharp there as they apply it.

In the Italy of the Middle Ages there were great schools of medicine for women at Salerno and Bologna. Yet the University of Paris persecuted women during those very centuries because they dared to try to serve their fellow-women in their hours of sorest need! And but a generation ago the University of London, with blind selfishness and obscurantism, declined to allow women to study surgery or medicine. Vassar, the pioneer college for women, is not fifty years old.

Dr. Mozans is a great lover of Dante, and on the title-page he quotes from Dante's line asking what can be better in a woman than wisdom—the knowledge which comes from training no less than from natural ability. Nowadays few men of the first rank, few men indeed aside from cheap dealers in paradoxes, deny woman's right to as good an education as any man can obtain. We marvel that our predecessors a century or even half a century ago should have failed to see this. Half a century or a century hence our successors will marvel as greatly that we failed to see the indefensibility of denying to woman the other rights necessary to put her on a footing of complete equality with man.

They will marvel no less at the folly and wickedness of the women who have believed that the acquirement of rights will absolve them from the performance of duties. But this is only to say that they will feel as we do, we democrats of the school of Hampden and Washington and Lincoln, when we turn with contemptuous abhorrence from the misdeeds committed by the Robespierres and Marats in the name of democracy. Neither woman nor man can shirk duties under penalty of eventually losing rights, for the possession of the right should be conditioned upon the performance of the duty. Moreover, equality of right does not mean identity of function. In any healthy community the prime duty of the woman will ever be that of the wife and mother, just as the prime duty of the man will be to provide the home for wife and children; and this prime duty

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need interfere no more in one case than in the other with the opportunity to lead, in whatever direction the woman chooses, a life of full and varied interest, which of necessity means a life in which work worth doing is well done.

A few years ago a book making a similar plea to Dr. Mozans's appeared in Paris—"Préjugé et Problème des Sexes," by Jean Finot. There is in this a sentence which finely and tersely puts the truth which both writers champion. It runs as follows: "Humanity will be the happier in proportion as it becomes juster, and man will be more content with his lot from the moment when his wife or his sister, admitted to the banquet of life, shares with him the full right to both its bitterness and its joy."

Works of Francis Thompson (The). Vol. III. Edited by Wilfred Meynell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.50.

Life of Francis Thompson (The). By Everard Meynell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $4.50.

The works of Francis Thompson were discussed editorially in The Outlook of January 3. The definitive edition of his prose and poetry has been prepared by his friend and literary executor, Mr. Wilfred Meynell. His son is the author of "The Life of Thompson." Mr. Everard Meynell's biography is satisfying in all but one respect—and had it been complete in this also it could not have been written by a son of Alice and Wilfred Meynell. The debt which Francis Thompson owed to Everard Meynell's father and mother, a debt which they never regarded save as a service freely and proudly rendered, Mr. Meynell touches upon only indirectly and with evident and natural reluctance. There is no need for reticence, however, in our acknowledgment of the debt which lovers of poetry owe to Alice and Wilfred Meynell for their service to literature in the person of Francis Thompson. It is a debt not easily to be discharged.

Thomas Hardy's Wessex. By Hermann Lea. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

No one knows exactly what the bounds of the ancient kingdom of Wessex were. Neither does Hardy's imagined "Wessex" have exact limits: it was largely in Dorset, but took in parts of five other counties. But Hardy undoubtedly had the old kingdom in mind, and his "Wessex novels," with their imaginary names, often for perfectly recognizable cities, admit of a perfectly consistent map. This book identifies, describes, and pictures by photograph very many of the towns, churches, houses, and scenic localities in the novels. Apart from the special Hardy interest, the book gives charming glimpses of the English county.

Heroic Ballads of Servia. Translated by George Rapall Noyes and Leonard Bacon. Sherman, French & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The ballad literature of Servia is among the finest in Europe. Unfortunately, aside from a few scattering versions, it is not known to English readers. The present volume, consisting of translations of the ballads of Servia by Mr. Noyes and Mr. Bacon, will be welcomed by those who would gain a closer acquaintance with the freshness, vividness, vigor, and vivacity of the Servian songs. Aside from their literary charm, these ballads have a particular claim to public attention at the present time, when the world has seen Servia win back much of her old territory from the Turk.

Childhood. By Alice Meynell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 75c.

This little volume represents fairly the series of "Fellowship Books," attractively made and small enough to be carried in the pocket, and so far presenting sound writing and suggestive thought. Among the contributors to the series are Quiller-Couch, Miss May Sinclair, and Norman Gale. Mrs. Meynell's discussion of childhood is fresh and free from commonplace perception and observation.

Little Wars. By H. G. Wells. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.20.

Mr. Wells does not even go through the form of pretending that he has developed for the sake of children the inviting war games which he describes in this book. Unlike the proverbial father "consenting" to accompany his son to the circus, Mr. Wells frankly admits that it is no vicarious delight that he feels in marshaling his legions of toy soldiers. Indeed, the complicated game of horse, foot, and cannon which he has developed is not a child's game at all, though we think its creator rather flatters himself that in it he is renewing the days of his youth. It is too scientific a game for children even to have dreamed of inventing. Why, indeed, should any self-respecting child bother with all this complicated chess-like technique when, armed with a wooden sword and capped with a folded paper hat, the whole world lies open to his conquering imagination?

Panama Gateway (The). By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Of the making of books on Panama there is apparently no end in sight. Out of the ordinary, however, is "The Panama Gateway." Mr. Bishop has been Secretary of the Canal Commission since 1905, and his account of the building of the Canal carries the conviction that goes with authoritative statement. Against an admirably balanced historical background he has painted a picture of the work undertaken and accomplished in the Zone which neither sacrifices conciseness to interest nor interest to ac-

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curacy. Mr. Bishop's book bids fair to become the standard reference book concerning the Panama Canal, both for the general reader and for the student of modern political history.

Mainsail Haul (A). By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.
Salt Water Ballads. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

These two volumes, one of prose and one of verse, contain the earlier writings of Mr. Masefield, relaunched and floated on the flood tide of his present reputation. It must be confessed that they are more interesting than this introduction might lead the reader to suppose. One prose story, "The Port of Many Ships," invites attention because of the close similarity between its style and the style of Mr. Masefield's verse. Line after line might be transplanted into one of his narrative poems with hardly the change of a syllable for the sake of the meter. "The Western Islands" and "The Seal Man" are the best tales in "A Mainsail Haul." "Salt Water Ballads," a collection of short poems, is a characteristic piece of work, though perhaps more reminiscent of both Kipling and Newbolt than is Mr. Masefield's present manner. In this volume, as in his later works, he shows that he knows the sea as few poets have known it, a fact which carries him safely over many dangerous verbal reefs and metrical sand-bars.

A People's Man. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.30.

Not the mystery of crime, as in most of the author's stories, but the danger or necessity of a social revolution is the theme here. The early pages are tense; but as conflict in the mind of the "people's man," Maraton, arises; as he finds that to plunge England into a universal strike and labor war would be to hand her over to despoilment by an enemy across the Channel; and as the personal influence of a wise and beautiful girl, niece of the Prime Minister, grows upon him, Maraton wavers, develops a patriotism he had disowned, and yields to the step-by-step political labor and social movement which he had at first despised. Naturally, the outcome is not as dramatic or as clear cut as the beginning.

Egotistical I (The). By Ellen Wilkins Tompkins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.

"The Egotistical I" is a pleasant little book of mild philosophy and simple romance. It might be urged with reason that the old bachelor Timothy is by no means a man's man; but there are many such, and many readers there are who do not crave solid mental nutriment.

Mésalliance (A). By Katharine Tynan. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

There is entertainment here for the novel reader, for the author is trained in managing her characters and has the gift of engaging her reader's attention. The tangle of English guardian and young ward is almost too familiar a theme, but in this instance there is enough besides to carry off the ancient situation. A wholesome story of some literary merit is desirable, and in spite of the prevalence of problem novels we all enjoy the happy ending so neatly arranged for us in fiction like this story.

Kingdom of Two (A). By Helen R. Albee. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Avowed, unblushing sentiment is spread upon the pages devoted to the description of "A Kingdom of Two." Not mawkish sentiment, be it understood, but of a kind to attract lovers of gardens, and those who hate to disturb the pretty rabbits that haunt the gardens, and those who love the small but important happenings in field and wood, all leading up—or down—to moral reflections. The book is well illustrated by photographs.

America as I Saw It. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

Mrs. Alec-Tweedie saw America through the eyes of a distinctly modern journalist. She writes an amusing book and exercises her taste for generalization, indulging in such smart epigrammatic sayings as "Boston is a city of ideals; Washington a city of ideas; Chicago a city of force; New York a city of dollars." Her text is "Hypersensitiveness is an American sin." She begins and ends there. She distributes praise and blame impartially, in perfect good humor, and her taste allows her to catalogue by name her hosts and hostesses in America. She thinks the American press is improving and that of Europe is deteriorating. The *nouveaux riches* in America are becoming more cultured, while the same class in England "remain stupidly illiterate." American cooking is excellent, but American organization is bad, she says. American hustle is a myth; it is "the young Britisher who has made most of the railways of America, Canada, Mexico, Argentina, and Brazil," she says. She recognizes the germs of a hundred races in the free-born American, yet she resents our calling a "Britisher" a foreigner. She finds us talking continually of our money, but does not note, as other observers have, that in England they talk more about saving money while we talk and plan to spend it. "Money counts far beyond brains in America," says Mrs. Tweedie. But the money is spent, not hoarded. It is not the love of gain but the desire for what money can buy that stirs Americans, so we think.

Wards of the State. By Tighe Hopkins. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.

In this informative study of crime and criminals the viewpoint is that of the most advanced criminologists, who regard the criminal as a helpless product of social conditions, who emphasize the possibility of recreating him by sound reformative measures instituted during and after imprisonment, and who see in the

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prevention of juvenile delinquency the surest and readiest method of coping with criminality in general. Although Mr. Hopkins writes chiefly of conditions in England, his recommendations are undoubtedly applicable with almost equal force in our own country. We Americans, too, have blundered sadly in our treatment of the criminal; and although, as Mr. Hopkins points out, perhaps the most promising reforms yet initiated have been started by us, we still have much to learn and to undo. Such a book as this—well written, frank, and vigorous, without being sensational—should prove a helpful stimulus to further effort.

Life of Robert Toombs (The). By Ulrich Bonnell Phillips. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

What Professor Phillips has really written is not so much a biography of the fiery Georgian Senator as a study of Southern politics in the twenty years preceding the Civil War. Toombs, to be sure, stands forth as the central figure of the narrative, but the author's interest in him is so obviously subordinate to his interest in the elucidation of the political developments of the period that the book might better have been entitled "Robert Toombs and His Times." As a biography, indeed, Professor Phillips's book also falls short by reason of the almost complete absence of that literary glow and charm which one instinctively demands in any detailed account of the life of an important man. On the other hand, regarded merely as a political study, the book has the signal merit of presenting clearly and temperately the Southern side of the slavery question as viewed from the Southern standpoint. If it leaves Toombs himself a somewhat vague, elusive figure, it certainly enlarges our understanding of the principles he represented and the important events in which he was concerned.

Chapters at the English Lakes. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Canon Rawnsley adds a new volume to the half-dozen books of description, literary comment, and reminiscence with which he has enriched the literature of the English Lake region. A devout lover and student of the Lake school of poets, intimately acquainted with the background of their verse and of their lives, he has made himself a very acceptable historian, in an informal fashion, of a very beautiful country which had the good fortune to evoke the love of a small group of gifted men. Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey among the older writers are forever associated with the country in which Canon Rawnsley has lived nearly all his life. To this later volume he contributes a short and interesting chapter on John Wordsworth, the brother of the poet; a chapter on Coleridge, who was twice in residence for many months in the Lake Country; unimportant but not uninteresting remininiscences of Charles Dickens's association with the country; and a series of chapters on historical localities. The book, like all its predecessors, is eminently readable.

New England and New France. By James Douglas. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3. net.

There is nothing of the glow and charm of Parkman and Fiske in this latest survey of that early period in American history which they have treated with such pre-eminent distinction. It is not a book to be read with real enjoyment. But it nevertheless has substantial merits, and if only by reason of its ample presentation of the documentary material relating to its subject will be found extremely useful by the student who requires a solid and fairly complete book of reference rather than a literary history. Not only the course of political development is covered in its pages, but also much of the social history of the period, including such special topics as the status of woman, the condition of religion and education, the witchcraft and demon delusions, and slavery in New England and New France.

Christian Reconstruction of Modern Life (The). By Charles Henry Dickinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

That we are getting away from both civilization and religion: that we need, on the one hand, to return to the cultural ideals of the classical world, and, on the other, a livelier appreciation of the truths that Christ came on earth to teach; and that without this twofold movement the social passion of our times, the growing spirit of altruism, will only waste itself in futile effort—such is the message of Mr. Dickinson's book. It is the work of a man who speaks fearlessly, who views with well-grounded alarm the influences which may thwart the altruistic impulse and plunge mankind deeper into philistinism and materialism, who senses the need for a true spiritual awakening. If, unhappily, its author often clouds his thought with awkward language, his book should yet exercise a widespread influence for good. Decidedly it strikes a note that ought to arouse an enkindling response in all sincerely concerned with the vital problem of social regeneration.

The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. By Lord Macaulay. Edited by Charles H. Firth. Vol. I. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.25.

It is surprising indeed to learn from Mr. Firth's preface to this first volume of a new edition of Macaulay's famous book that no illustrated edition has before appeared. The picture possibilities naturally lie chiefly in the reproduction of portraits from old paintings, of old prints, and of facsimiles of state papers. The result is eminently worth while, and the success of the enterprise indisputable. The edition in form, dignity, and illustration is more than satisfactory; it comes near being a perfect model for this class of publication.

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THE READER'S VIEW

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BLUE PAPER

The Outlook reaches us in China late, though never too late to be welcome. I have just read the article by my friend Mr. Kennan on the hindrances to American trade expansion in China, which he illustrates by his story of the "Screws in Blue Paper" [see The Outlook for August 9, 1913]. This is not to quarrel with his conclusion; there is something in it. But the situation may not be altogether as blue as it is painted; and, also, there is another side to it. That other side I want to exhibit.

To begin with, his illustration is much more convincing to the American mind than to the Chinese. The point was that the American merchant stands to lose because, for whatever reason, he lacks adaptability. But of this lack a Chinese would be, of all people, the most tolerant, for it is exactly the thing to which he is used. In China, "We don't do it that way" is an entirely adequate answer to any suggestion of novelty. I will not go into the why of it, but here in China habit-forming conditions are very perfect, and the result is a crust of habit that is very hard to break; so hard, indeed, that its rupture is hardly even considered. Every one knows the story of the carpenter who, laboriously drawing his plane toward him, was given a demonstration of the working of a proper Western-fashion plane; and who, on being offered this very superior thing, merely replied, "We don't do it that way," and went on drawing his plane toward him. It is exactly as true as Mr. Kennan's story; it illustrates a condition.

A few years ago I was having some building done, buying my bricks from one of the port cities. Later we found that there were brick kilns near by; we called on the manager with a view to getting them made here. He was very eager to talk business. But when the sample brick was measured it was found not to correspond with any of his sizes, and our order was declined: "We don't make that size." No argument touched him. Make a new size of brick? Not since the days of Yao and Shun had any other sizes been made; who was he that he should do so?

Another time a silver button of Chinese make was taken to a silversmith to have a loose eye reattached. The work was perfectly simple, but he refused to do it: "We don't make here that kind of button." Three men refused it before one was found to do it; all for the reason that they "did not make that kind of button."

To the typical conservative accommodation to anything new is outside the realm of consideration. Long immunity from anything different has bred something like helplessness in the presence of novelty. The question of accommodation is scarcely raised. The point of view, the habits, become fixed, stereotyped. Suggest the new—"We don't do it that way," and the matter is closed. The position is not unreasonable, but merely unreasoned; once a matter is settled, it is settled, with no more shifting or revising. They have the temperamental fixity of the oyster; take some position and stick to it they must, at the mercy of their circumstances (like the oyster), whether it be solid rock or old tin can.

Not only is the negative, "We don't do it that way," an ever-sufficient answer, but the converse, "That's the way we do," is an ever-sufficient explanation. One day at Kuling some men were sitting on the veranda, when the servant of one of them came with a "chit." While standing there the servant, with finger first on one side and then on the other, vociferously blew his nose over the veranda rail. When he had gone, one of the men asked, "L., why do you let your man do that way?' Mr. L. had been some years in China and had learned something; taking his pipe from his mouth, he replied: "That's the way he does!"

Not only would the American merchant's refusal to alter the color of his wrappers excite no surprise in his Chinese buyer, but it would hardly occur to the buyer to expect him to do so. Chinese inaccessibility to ideas of change is partly a result, or at least concomitant, of a long application of the principle of non-interference. No man feels that he has any right to interfere to change the conduct or ideas of another man; possibly because of generations of experience of the futility of any such attempt. A man on the six-foot street may set down his five-foot load of straw where he will, and leave it there as long as he will, without fear of being called to account. "That's the way he does." The right to do a thing one's own way, which means the way he has learned, the way he has "got the habit," is not questioned, nor is he likely to be much interfered with. Once I was passing a shop where a quarrel had evidently taken place. I saw one of the assistants take with great deliberateness the chairs and tables of the shop and one by one smash them into bits; half a dozen men stood looking on, but not a hand was moved to interfere. "That's the way he does." So when the foreigner kicks the ricksha man, he meets with great tolerance; that's the way *he* does! We missionaries sometimes feel that our Chinese brethren are rather lax in matters of discipline, forgetting how hard it is for them to violate the principle of non-interference. It is not that they are indifferent to the sins; far from it; but they are too unaccustomed to the idea of going beyond suggestion in the matter of interference with another.

This is not all to the bad. The freedom of the individual to form his own line of conduct

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and take his own shape makes for a very strong individuality. The Chinese are people of very pronounced *character*. It is their individuality that is so fixed, not their particular action under given circumstances. With older men, to effect any change a great deal of preliminary breaking up of crust has to be done, and the new formation is bound to show many a rent, even where it can be reformed at all. Our hope for the future character formation of the Chinese, which for all I have said is very sanguine, lies with the young. Their very facility in hardening into a habit is a virtue; applying the mold at the proper time, it can be shaped at will, and shaped for keeps. We can cause it to be said of the man who renders a clear account, or gives honest weight, or speaks the truth, "That's the way he does," and all will accept it as final, for he has "got the habit." But this has to be accomplished in youth, which is about the same as to say it has got to be done in our schools.

The great influence exerted upon the new China by American schools has won for America a position in the esteem of the nation that is a commercial asset. Good will is a valuable thing; it brings money in the market, and that, thanks most of all to the schools, the Americans *as Americans* already possess. The schools are the place of many a far-reaching decision just now, and not only the star-gazing missionary, but also the merchant who can see what's what, will make it his business to see that that respect for America and that taste for things American which is already won shall be still more widely extended, until, through the means of influence carefully applied upon the minds of the still impressionable youth, the corporate taste and ideals of the new generation of Chinese shall bear a stamp on which he shall read with pride (and profit) the marks "Made in U. S. A."

The prospect for the American merchant is all right. The paper for screws must be blue—that of course; but this conceded, the radiance that shines across the seas from the "Admirable Nation" will glorify even boxes a little off color and win for the nation that sent him his teacher the merchant's order for the goods.

Yangchow, China. B. A.

GLORY ENOUGH FOR BOTH

May I be allowed to comment on your article in The Outlook of November 8, 1913, entitled "The Wisconsin Idea in Music"? Every believer in the advancement of a people through the medium of song will rejoice that the University of Wisconsin has empowered so able a man as Professor Dykema to develop what you aptly term "community music." Under such resourceful guidance choral singing in Wisconsin may be expected to win for itself a distinctive place in this country.

The point I wish to make, however, is that the plan of university choral centers is not necessarily the Wisconsin idea. Much more properly might it be called the "Columbia University idea," or, to be still more exact, the "Egbert idea," for the first university attempt to develop choral centers undoubtedly originated with Professor James C. Egbert, Director of Extension Teaching of Columbia University. Through his influence choral centers have been established for three years, and the Egbert idea now obtains in Brooklyn, in Yonkers, and at the University itself, the members of which receive from the University the use of the music and the services of the conductor without expense. Moreover, the idea is still in process of development, and other centers under the direction of assistant conductors are already being considered. That the results of the idea have been satisfactory may be attested by consulting the pages of The Outlook itself, for in its issue of April 26, 1912, an enthusiastic account appeared of the first American production of Elgar's "Music Makers," which was given by the combined centers under the name of the University Festival Chorus.

Permit me to indorse your concluding remarks: "Success to Professor Dykema! Success to the Wisconsin idea in music! May it have many imitators!" But I would add, Success to the Egbert idea in music! May it have many imitators! The Wisconsin idea is a great compliment to it.

WALTER HENRY HALL,
Professor of Church and Choral Music.
Columbia University, New York City.

[We are glad to print this letter from one who has proved in practice, by the direction of a really popular chorus, the value of this idea in music, whosesoever it is. Perhaps it would have been more accurate to say "the Wisconsin idea applied to music," for Wisconsin has certainly attained eminence in bringing the resources of science and art to the people at large. May we add that it is a good sign when universities emulate one another in such work as this, and count it a glory of which to be proud?—THE EDITORS.]

DARWIN AND WALLACE

I

Such magnanimity as was shown by both Darwin and Wallace in the publication of the theory of natural selection is so rare and beautiful that it should be brought to the attention of the public whenever possible. In reading Mr. W. B. Northrop's recent article in The Outlook on Alfred Russel Wallace, I was surprised to find that Mr. Northrop seemed to belittle Darwin's generosity, and to leave the impression that Darwin had acted in an unfair manner by "rushing into print" when he found that Wallace had arrived at the same conclusions

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that he had, thus depriving Wallace of much of his rightful honor.

May I, out of a sense of justice, present a few paragraphs in order to make clear what Mr. Northrop fails to do—namely, that Darwin's course was entirely just and generous?

As early as 1844 Darwin had drawn up a brief abstract of his theory and had even arranged with his wife for the editing and publishing of it in case of his sudden death. In 1856 he began an elaboration of this work, as Lyell had urged him strongly to do, but his plans were overthrown, he tells us in his autobiographical sketch, by the receipt in the summer of 1858 of Wallace's essay which contained his own views.

Darwin sent Wallace's essay to Lyell, as Wallace had requested, and proposed that Wallace's permission to publish it be obtained. Darwin was strongly inclined to withhold his abstract in favor of Wallace, but Lyell and Hooker, to whose judgment as to the propriety of publishing Darwin yielded, were unwilling that Darwin should do so. Accordingly, as is well known, the papers of Darwin and Wallace were communicated jointly to the Linnæan Society, with an introduction by Lyell and Hooker setting forth the reasons for the joint publication, that they were considering not only the relative claims of priority but the claims of science generally.

In a letter to Lyell in 1858 Darwin writes: "There is nothing in Wallace's sketch which is not written out much fuller in my sketch, copied in 1844 and read by Hooker some dozen years ago. . . . But as I had not intended to publish any sketch, can I do so honorably, because Wallace has sent me an outline of his doctrine? I would far rather burn my whole book than that Wallace or any other man should think that I had behaved in a paltry spirit."

In view of Darwin's correspondence and his general attitude toward the honor of priority, it seems hardly fair to suggest that he "rushed into print" and deprived Wallace of his just reward.

Finally, it must be noted that the special recognition of Darwin does not rest upon any question of priority, but upon the abundant and painstaking proof which he marshaled to the support of the theory of natural selection, and without which it would never have been accepted by scientific workers.

Beloit, Wisconsin. B. W. KUNKEL.

II

In my article on the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in your issue of November 22, I did not intend to convey the impression that Darwin attempted to deprive Wallace of the credit for the latter's co-discovery of natural selection. This is a misconception arising from my statement that Darwin was forced into print on receipt of Wallace's essay. It is not stated in my article that Darwin was actuated by motives of jealous rivalry, of which his great soul was, of course, incapable. That Darwin was compelled to publish long before he had intended to do so there is no doubt whatever. On this point I quote the words of Dr. Wallace before the Linnæan Society, July 1, 1908, on the occasion of the Darwin-Wallace celebration: "My letter [on natural selection] came upon him like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. This *forced him into what he considered a premature publicity*."

Darwin himself says on this point:

> Another element in the success of the book ["Origin of Species"] was its moderate size, and this I owe to the appearance of Mr. Wallace's essay. Had I published on the scale in which I began to write in 1856, the book would have been four or five times as large as the "Origin of Species." . . . But my plans were overthrown; for early in the summer of 1858, Mr. Wallace, who was then in the Malay Archipelago, sent me the essay. [See Life of Darwin.]

Again, Darwin wrote to Wallace in 1870:

> I hope it is a satisfaction to you to reflect—and very few things in my life have been more satisfactory to me—that we have never felt any jealousy towards each other, though in some things rivals. [Life.]

I trust the above will make clear the point outlined in my article, and correct any false impression that might have been given.

Brooklyn, New York. W. B. NORTHROP.

THE WORD "SILHOUETTE"

Apropos of The Outlook's recent reproduction of silhouettes of Calhoun and Fillmore, your readers may be interested in the following extract from D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature:"

"It is little suspected that this innocent term originated in a political nickname! Silhouette was a Minister of State in France in 1759; that period was a critical one; the treasury was in an exhausted condition, and Silhouette, a very honest man who would hold no intercourse with financiers or loan-mongers, could contrive no other expedient to prevent a national bankruptcy than excessive economy and interminable reform. Paris was not the metropolis where a Plato or a Zeno could long be Minister of State without incurring all the ridicule of the wretched wits. At first they pretended to take his advice merely to laugh at him: they cut their coats shorter and wore them without sleeves, they turned their gold snuff-boxes into rough wooden ones, and the new-fashioned portraits were now only profiles of a face, traced by a black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white paper. All the fashions assumed an air of niggardly economy till poor Silhouette was driven into retirement with all his projects of savings and reforms; but he left his name to describe the most economical sort of portrait, and one as melancholy as his own fate." W. F. V.

Saratoga, California.

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MANY INVENTIONS

A "FOOL-PROOF" AEROPLANE

At the recent tenth anniversary of the first power flight by a heavier-than-air machine made by the Wright brothers, Mr. Orville Wright talked about his nearly perfected stabilizer, which, it is hoped, will make an aeroplane as easy to control as an automobile. The New York "Sun" thus reports Mr. Wright's talk:

"Ninety-five per cent of the accidents come from stalling," said Mr. Wright, "and stalling is more frequent in a high-powered machine. It is through the use of high-powered machines that there are so many accidents among army aviators."

Mr. Wright explained that if the aviator would keep his head and not try to right his machine immediately when it begins to stall there would be fewer accidents, but, he said, the stabilizer is designed to control the machine automatically and absolutely prevent it from stalling.

"I am flying with a stabilizer nearly every day," he said. "It works to perfection now, but on account of some small electric connections which are liable to corrode it gets out of working order now and then. As soon as we have perfected this part of the machine we will be ready to offer it to the public. The whole thing must be 'fool proof' before we will put it in the hands of the public."

"Does this mean that any one will be able to operate an aeroplane?" he was asked.

"It means practically that," said Mr. Wright.

MAKING THE PANAMA CANAL LOCKS WATER-TIGHT

For preventing leakage around the ends of the lock gates of the Panama Canal the most careful fitting and adjustment is required. "Popular Mechanics" describes the way of securing water-tight joints at the hinged and swinging ends of the steel leaves. Each of the four leaves of these gates is 65 feet long, 47 feet 4 inches high, and 7 feet thick, and weighs 390 tons. The leaves swing on heavy steel upright pins anchored in the floor of the lock. To make a water-tight joint with the wall a heavy steel casting with a recess in its outer surface was set in the lock wall as it was built. A bearing plate was then set in the recess of the casting and held in place by 1-inch bolts. The end of the leaf was prepared in the same way, the steel casting being permanently attached by means of bolts. After the plates were closely adjusted hot babbitt metal was poured into the spaces between the bearing plates and the castings, forcing them together to form a water-tight joint. The same method was followed in securing an exact fit in the swinging ends of the leaves. Leakage at the bottom of the leaves is prevented by means of a rubber strip 5 inches wide and ½ inch thick, which serves to make a water-tight joint between the wooden beam carried by the leaf and the wooden sill imbedded in the floor of the lock.

THE INSECTS AND THE FORESTS

The enormous losses due to forest insects have led to the formation of a society for the advancement of forest entomology in America. Henry S. Graves, United States Forester, the President of the society, on being asked about the purposes of the organization, said that they were, in general, to call attention to the part which insects play in forest problems. "We have had," he said, "widespread and specific interest in insect pests, such as the San José scale and the boll weevil, which affect all of us as to what we eat and what we wear. Forest insects, through their destruction of timber, increase the cost of a necessity which enters quite as much into the daily life of the individual as do the products of the field and orchard. If the importance of the protection of our forest resources from insect depredations is generally recognized, a large part can be prevented or avoided."

Mr. Graves added: "Right now in the National forests the Bureau of Entomology and the Forest Service are co-operating to stop insect ravages by discovering their beginnings and stamping them out. A few isolated trees attacked by insects may form the nucleus of a mountain-side devastation quite as serious as that from a forest fire. The opportunity for combating insects, however, is in one respect better than that in the case of a fire which runs rapidly, because it takes several years for an insect devastation to spread until it becomes of such proportions as that which overspread the yellow pine forests in the Black Hills in 1906. Watchful care on the part of forest officers, lumbermen, and private individuals will make it possible to catch these infestations before they get a good start. By cutting and burning the trees or stripping off the bark the insects can be killed. As in all such cases, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

BANISHING FOG

A searchlight that can penetrate fog has been, it is announced, perfected by a San Francisco inventor. The "Technical World Magazine" says that it sends its warning rays several hundred feet farther into a dense fog than the customary signal lamps. "Furthermore," adds the "Technical World Magazine," "unlike the ordinary lighthouse searchlight, it shines in all directions simultaneously, with equal intensity. Its mechanism, simple enough to be easily taken care of by a novice, causes an electric current to arc between the ends of two carbon rods. The flow of current causes these rods to draw

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apart immediately, thus stretching the arc into a blinding flash of light. When the flash is at its height, it is blown out by an electromagnet. Periodic flashes may thus be arranged to designate different localities.

"The surpassing power of the light and its practical value when first brought to the attention of navigators were startling. In foggy weather and with the sun three hours high, its rays have been glimpsed, approximately, nine hundred feet from shore—far beyond the point where the outlines of its tower loomed up. This new light will be an effective protection when carried about by ships. Its value in this respect has been recognized by the United States Supervising Board of Steamboat Inspectors, which has permitted its use on vessels."

ELECTRIC WHEEL CHAIRS FOR SAN FRANCISCO EXPOSITION

A concession has been made to a Chicago company to operate two hundred electric motor-driven chairs at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. These chairs will seat two passengers, and will be operated in a manner similiar to the familiar "man power" chairs now in service in Atlantic City, Palm Beach, and other resorts. The "Electrical World" thus describes this chair: "A small motor placed under the chair seat is connected to the two rear wheels of the chair by means of chains, and the electricity for operating the motor is drawn from a small storage battery under the wicker dash. The speed of the chair is three and one-half miles an hour, although speeds ranging from one to ten miles an hour may be obtained. A small foot pedal under the floor of the car actuates the braking mechanism and the controllers. By various pressures on the pedal the controller can be operated to give four different speeds."

EVERY-DAY USE OF THE METRIC SYSTEM

Few people realize how widely the metric system of weights and measures is employed in this country. Yet sportsman and scientist, druggist and jeweler, farmer and physical director, housewife and health officer, librarian and manufacturer, even the Federal Government, all know and use the metric system. In the "Popular Mechanics Magazine" Mr. F. Telford says:

The scientific farmer no longer wonders at "calories" and "grams" and "liters" and "centimeters;" he knows that the science upon which his agriculture is based depends upon investigations in which only metric units are employed. For instance, in the Babcock milk test, which is familiar to every dairy farmer, 17.5 cubic centimeters of sulphuric acid is added to 17.6 cubic centimeters of milk. Certified milk must, among other things, have less than 10,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter; and milk classified as "Grade A" must contain less than 100,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter before pasteurization, and less than 10,000 afterward.

The health officer determines the fitness of water for use by the number and kind of bacteria. He seldom approves of water containing more than a few hundred bacteria per cubic centimeter, regardless of the kind; and water is labeled "good" only if it contains less than a hundred bacteria per cubic centimeter. It is worth mention that in case of serious illness the bulletins issued by the physicians for public information now usually give the number of leucocytes and phagocytes per cubic centimeter of blood.

Scientific housekeepers use metric units constantly. A balanced diet is of extreme importance in reducing the cost of food; and in figuring dietaries metric units only are employed.

WHY NOT READ ON A TRAIN?

Many people believe, says a medical exchange, that it is injurious to the eyes to read on a train, but few seem to know why. The reason is the added strain on the delicate muscles of the eyes. The motion of the train shakes the paper or book constantly, thus continually changing its position and its distance from the eyes, keeping the delicate muscles of the eyes in constant action to readjust the focus. Extra work is thus thrown on these tiny muscles, as the changing of focus occurs sometimes a hundred times a minute.

Another cause of eye-strain in reading on trains is the poor lighting too often encountered. Often people try to read their evening papers on a train or street car when the daylight is fading and before the car lights are turned on. Even with the lights on, the situation is not greatly improved. The cars are frequently crowded and strap-hangers sway back and forth between the paper and the source of light. Usually the light is high up in the center of the car ceiling and is badly placed for reading, the light being too far from the paper and the light rays being reflected into the eyes from the book or magazine.

BE KIND TO INVENTORS!

Manufacturers are almost daily in receipt of communications from inventors inclosing patent specifications covering an invention aimed to improve their product. It is a mistake on the part of manufacturers to view such inventors as impostors. The position that an "outsider cannot know more about our own business than ourselves" is a fallacy that has no place in modern industrial management. If it were necessary to prove that such a position is a fallacy, thousands of inventions could be cited whereby improvements, many revolutionary, in industrial processes and products were first conceived in the minds of men not even remotely connected with the industries most vitally affected and benefited thereby.—*American Machinist.*

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BY THE WAY

Massachusetts and Kansas are the only States mentioned in a list of "Legal Holidays in the United States" which do not make a holiday of January 1. "New Year's Day," which elsewhere is an occasion of merriment and rejoicing, apparently receives no recognition in those States. Will some one explain why?

No doubt President Wilson, with his wide knowledge of American history, could instantly tell the reason for the neglect of New Year's Day by Massachusetts and Kansas. Perhaps, indeed, he sympathizes with the attitude of those States toward the holiday, for he surprised the tradition-lovers by discontinuing the usual New Year's reception at the White House. In this he has disregarded a custom which had been pursued for more than a hundred years. Since President Madison's time all the Presidents have kept "open house" on New Year's Day.

The United States Government gives no formal instruction in ethics, but its policy in regard to the dutiable purchases of transatlantic passengers undoubtedly makes the transgressor realize that honesty is the best policy. The Federal courts also give lessons in truth-telling, though the instruction is usually costly. Last week, for instance, a man was fined $250 for falsely classifying his freight as "glass" when it was really "decorated glass," while another offender paid $500 for describing a mixed shipment as hardware and for billing cigarettes and tobacco as tobacco alone.

"I feel fine," said Admiral Dewey on his seventy-sixth birthday two weeks ago, "but when I see Charles Francis Adams, who is two years older than I, riding a horse, I realize that I am not as young as I used to be." Nevertheless the Admiral did his day's work as usual in the Navy Department on his birthday.

"Miss —— was presented to society last night at a ball given in her honor. More than a thousand guests attended." Did the glory of this coming-out party pay for the mental toil on the part of the young woman of trying to remember the faces and names of a tenth part of her guests?

The French race-courses, says William Archer in "McClure's," are the established and recognized centers of modish contagion. "Every Sunday sees a superb dress-parade, at which the lady of the great world exhibits the mode of to-day, the lady of the half-world the mode of next week, and the mannequin, perhaps, the mode of the week after next." The mannequin is the ultra-stylish young woman employed by the great dressmaking firms to exhibit publicly and make popular their new "creations."

The "oldest twins," Samuel and William Muncy, of West Babylon, Long Island, ninety-five years old, had a family reunion at their farm on Christmas Day. Neither twin has ever tasted strong drink, but both use tobacco in moderation.

Seven hundred children honored the memory of Clement C. Moore, the author of "'Twas the Night before Christmas," on December 25 by decorating the grave of the poet in Trinity Cemetery, New York City. Dr. Moore was a Professor of Greek and Hebrew and author of a Hebrew lexicon, but his fame rests on the casual poem which he wrote for his children in 1822.

Strange juxtapositions confront one who scans the daily papers. Here is an example: "Notices were posted to-day that the plant of the —— Co. would close to-night indefinitely. Seven hundred men are thrown out of work." This announcement of disappointment and possible misery to hundreds of families because of lack of work and money is followed by this statement suggesting all the delightful possibilities that come with a large inheritance: "The estate of —— amounts to $1,634,173. Of this $160,000 is in cash."

"The prophet is not without honor," etc. The New York "Herald," in its obituary notice of Mr. R. V. Waldo, well known among newspaper men and printers as the manager of the New York office of the American Type Founders Company, twice refers to Mr. Waldo as connected with the "American *Pipe* Founders' Company."

Bruce McRae, actor, is quoted in the "Dramatic Mirror" as uttering some refreshing sentiments about the drama. "After all," he says, "the stage is not a hospital for our social sores and ulcers. My faith is in the wholesome drama. It is the good, old-fashioned love story every time. Vile plays are as degrading to the actor as they are to the public."

The "Dramatic Mirror," it may be observed, announces, apropos of a recent change in the ownership of its controlling interest, that "not a single share of its stock is owned by any person connected with the theatrical, motion picture, or general amusement field." This insures a continuance of the independent and virile criticism of things theatrical that is a welcome characteristic of the "Mirror."

Mrs. T. J. Emery, of Cincinnati, recently acquired one of Titian's portraits of Philip II of Spain from Sir Hugh Lane, an English collector. Mrs. Emery, it is reported, intends to present the picture to the city of Cincinnati, with other masterpieces. She gave $350,000 for the painting, which she bought, it is said, without having seen it, relying on a photograph and on the reputation of its owner.

Mr. Frank Daggett, curator of the Museum of Los Angeles County, California, says that he

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has indulged in a whale hunt in the city of Los Angeles. The whale was perhaps a million years old, and was found by a contractor in cutting down a hill to open a street. The contractor didn't know what he had caught: but Mr. Daggett assured him that it was a giant whale of pre-glacial times, which had probably been trapped in a shallow bay after an earthquake had shut off its escape to the sea.

Postmaster Edward M. Morgan, of New York City, announces that $178,069 worth of stamps were sold in Manhattan and the Bronx on December 24. This is said to be the heaviest sale of stamps ever reported for one day in any city of the United States. Business pessimists should read, note, and inwardly digest this item, and then mend their ways.

Lord Haldane, the Lord Chancellor of England, recently testified before a Government commission that is inquiring into the salaries of British public officials that, in his opinion, no official is deserving of a salary of more than $25,000 a year. Lord Haldane himself receives $50,000, but when asked, "Do you not except the Lord Chancellorship from your statement?" he replied, as reported, "I make no exception."

The house detective in a big restaurant, a writer in a theatrical journal says, overheard four men at a table talking excitedly but in muffled tones. The scraps he caught were like this: "Yes, I'm going to give her poison, but it will work very slowly." "But will you tell her right after you give her the poison, or will you wait until she feels the effect before informing her that she is soon to die?" The detective went over to the table instantly. "Say, you fellows," he began, "what are you cooking up?" The group of men started to laugh. "Why," explained one, "we are just talking over the plot of a new play." The detective felt that the Great White Way was no place for him.

To what absurdities does the code duello lend itself! A Bulgarian officer, Lieutenant Torkom, challenged Pierre Loti, the French novelist, to a duel because the author had censured the conduct of the Bulgarian troops in the Balkan War. M. Loti, being sixty-eight years old, declined the challenge on account of his age, but a substitute, a skilled fencer, accommodated the pugnacious Bulgarian. Lieutenant Torkom was twice wounded, and, having thus vindicated the honor of Bulgaria, went home satisfied!

While the newspapers recently contained many accounts of deplorable accidents to hunters who were mistaken for game, it is pleasant, on the other hand, to see stories such as those in the "National Sportsman" of amateur hunters who go out for a day's sport and have it. One of these runs on this wise: "The amount of game secured was small—eight rabbits, three squirrels, and four quail. But it is not the amount of game that one gets but the pleasure and hardship in securing it that makes it interesting. It was one of the best days I ever spent in my twenty-five years of existence." There is something tonic about such naïve annals of wholesome sport.

"Not once in a million times does an outsider get an opportunity to buy into a new mine while it is yet a bargain," says the editor of the financial department of "Everybody's Magazine." "Only an expert mining engineer can honestly undertake to give advice about a mining venture, and he is as often wrong as right. . . . One ought not to put money into the shares of a mine unless one can afford to lose it."

Among the women who possess the secret of eternal youth must be placed the name of Mrs. F. W. Lehmann, wife of the former Solicitor-General of the United States. Newspaper despatches state that, though a grandmother, she has become a freshman at Washington University, St. Louis.

Only for a brief period is the Woolworth Building in New York City to have the distinction of being the tallest commercial building in the world, if the present plans of the Pan-American States Association are carried out. It announces that it will erect a sky-scraper in New York that will be fifty feet higher than any other building in the city.

The opening of the Panama Canal may make it profitable to bring lumber to the United States from the Philippines. The Bureau of Insular Affairs at Washington says that there are vast quantities of merchantable timber in the islands, most of it owned by the Government, and that the marketing of this timber offers opportunities of profit not excelled by any other field in the world.

Western river steamboats were criticised at a recent meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers. It was asserted that lack of progressiveness on the part of steamboat men, rather than rail competition, was the cause of the present unprofitable condition of Western river traffic. Old-fashioned machinery and hulls are still used in construction, to the detriment both of efficient operation and of safety. "Within the last two years," said the critic, "one line has lost three boats and eighteen people, by accidents all of which would not have been serious with vessels built of steel."

The cultivation of horse-radish is a thriving industry, a writer in the "Country Gentleman" tells us, and he describes a three-acre farm devoted to this industry which keeps two men busy, one of them making good money out of his miniature farm. One advantage of this crop is thus described: "The horse-radish farmer can well lie back and rest in easy security, for he has a crop that only insects with suicidal motives attack."

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